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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MARCH 17, 1954

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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4098WW, G.P.O.

MARCH 17, 1954

Vol. 21, No. 42

## BETTER SERVICE FROM HOTELS

MORE than 100 men, mostly hotel licensees and employees, will take this year's course in hotel management at a Sydney technical college.

When the course started three years ago, only four men took advantage of it.

Hotel management covers everything from cooking to handling of staff. In most countries it is necessary for a hotel-keeper to take such a course before he can obtain a licence.

Australians have much to be thankful for. For the most part they have food in plenty and comfortable homes.

But for those who, either from choice or because they must, are away from home, the standard of living offered by hotels is usually far from satisfactory.

Hotel patrons have a right to expect the best. They are prepared to pay for it.

Unfortunately, it is the bar trade, with its ringing cash register obligato, which attracts most prospective hoteliers. To them the house and dining-room are of nuisance value only.

It will be a fine day for Australians when they can be proud of their hotels.

It will be a profitable day when they can welcome tourists from other countries, even the United States, without apologising for offering them roast and three veg., with jelly and ice-cream to follow.

When a hotel management course proves so popular among licensees in one State, there is good reason to hope that very soon this enthusiasm will be the rule throughout the country.

## Our cover:

● The Queen wore a white-and-silver organza gown and fichu to the Royal Command performance at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne. Our cover shows her receiving a bouquet of white orchids from Diana Knox in the theatre foyer. Diana is the granddaughter of Sir Robert Knox (left), who is president of the Australian National Theatre Movement, which presented "Tales of Hoffmann" as the Royal Command entertainment. Picture by staff photographer Clive Thompson.

## This week:

● The special knitting section begins on page 17. We've gathered a really smart collection of handknits. They're high fashion and they're practical, too. You'll love the bulky sweaters for sportswear and the unusual crocheted fish-net shawl from Rome.

● Our new Margery Sharp serial, "The Gipsy in the Parlor," begins on page 32. Margery Sharp serials are a sure-fire success. If you're a fiction reader, then it's next to a certainty that you know and like her stories, which are always amusing and intelligent as well as romantic.

## Next week:

● This is the time of year when earnest thought is devoted to what to buy for winter. There's the matter of being well dressed and warm by day and, because it's the dancing season, of looking glamorous by night. Next week's paper features a color page of evening dresses from the recent London collections and a two-page spread of dresses and ensembles for day chosen by Mary Hordern.

● Looking for some variety in the menu? Then you'll like the cookery page next week which features Dutch recipes. They're down to earth for the average household but provide just that bit of change from the everyday dishes you give the family.

## Letters from our readers

THE visit of the Queen to Canberra has aroused throughout Australia a fresh interest in our beautiful Federal Capital. Many interstate visitors would like to see Canberra, but the expense of a long journey added to the difficulties and cost of accommodation often prevents them from making the trip. Cannot the authorities set aside a building to be used as a hostel where casual visitors could stay overnight or for a week-end for a modest charge?

Mrs. H. Hector, Griffith, Canberra.

ALREADY people are suggesting the erection of a statue to commemorate the Queen's visit to Sydney. Could we not have something a little more practical? I suggest a national concert hall, along the lines of the magnificent Festival Hall in London. I think such a hall, which would give vibrant pleasure to so many, would be preferable and more suitable than a statue.

N. Hardy, Turrumurra, N.S.W.

WHY will mothers insist on planning what their daughters wear on their wedding day? At present I am the buffer between my sister and her daughter, who are not speaking. My niece wants to wear a ballerina frock and my sister wants her to wear a tra-

ditional bridal gown with train and veil. A most unpleasant situation has now arisen, as my sister has told her daughter she is quite abnormal not to want a conventional wedding frock. Why do mothers think that they always know best?

M. Fordhook, Toowoong, Qld.

A RECENT cable from Belgium tells how a woman witness who appeared in court wearing slacks was ruled to be in contempt of court. This

shows once again how men dislike this form of garment which women will persist in wearing out of doors. Slacks are comfortable and convenient attire, but I suggest they should be worn only in the home. If this was done, there would not be these frequent public outcries against them.

Mrs. Janet Shaw, Mount Lofty, S.A.

AUSTRALIANS don't really appreciate the variety of scenery their country has to offer. We are rapidly becoming a country of beachcombers. Isn't it about time city folk on holidays turned to the wonders of the centre of their own country? What about a camping holiday in the real centre—at Ayers Rock, for instance—to show that the pioneer spirit isn't dead?

A. Ryan, Potts Point.

THE announcement that Prince Charles and Princess Anne will join their Royal parents at Tobruk must surely touch every mother's heart. All women must realise that the separation from her young children has been not the least of the strains of the tour for the Queen. Her willingness to face this separation should emphasise the very real sacrifice she and the Duke have made in undertaking their tremendously successful tour.

Mrs. Harriette Britten, Nedlands, W.A.

## Our radio session: HERE'S YOUR SONG

### LISTENING TIMES

SYDNEY, 2GB, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.  
MELBOURNE, 3AW, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.  
MARYBOROUGH, /CV, 7.15 p.m., Thursday.  
BRISBANE, 4BH, 6.30 p.m., Thursday.  
ADELAIDE, 5DN, 6.45 p.m., Thursday.  
PERTH, 6IX, 6.45 p.m., Monday.  
KATANNING, /WB, 6.45 p.m., Monday.  
MERREDIN, /MD, 6.45 p.m., Monday.  
BRIDGETOWN, /BY, 6.45 p.m., Monday.  
HOBART, 7HO, 7.15 p.m., Saturday.  
LAUNCESTON, 7LA, 7.15 p.m., Saturday.

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HER MAJESTY (above) wearing the brooch at the State Banquet in Melbourne. From left are Mrs. L. W. Galvin, wife of the Victorian Deputy Premier, Mr. Menzies, the Queen, the Premier, Mr. John Cain, the Duke, and Mrs. Cain. The table decorations are gum blossom strung into garlands with blue tulle.

● IT HAS BECOME A ROYAL FAVORITE

## Australia's gift brooch adorns the Queen

World diamond centres in London, Amsterdam, and Antwerp were scoured for golden diamonds for the brooch presented to the Queen by the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, on behalf of the Commonwealth Government.

THE brooch has been variously estimated to be worth between £20,000 and £25,000. Her Majesty has worn it so often on public occasions during the past month that obviously it has become one of her favorite pieces.

Altogether there are 150 diamonds in it. Measuring four inches from tip to tip, it represents a spray of wattle with three stylised tea-tree blossoms in the centre. The wattle blossoms are golden diamonds (white stones traced with yellow). The tea-tree blooms are blue-white five-carat diamonds. Baguette diamonds form the foliage, and the entire brooch is set in platinum.

"Golden diamonds are regarded as collectors' pieces rather than fashionable gems," explained Mr. John Maxwell, manager of William Drummond and Company, the Melbourne jewellers who made the brooch.

"Our London agent had the tall order of shopping for 150 diamonds graduating in color from white to deep amber so that we could reproduce a botanically correct spray of wattle."

The stones were flown out in the care of an airways pilot.

"If he'd had to bail out and parachute down they would have been safe in his pocket," added Mr. Maxwell. "They were stored in a small wax box covered with fibre glass to protect them from jarring in transit."

"Inside the box the diamonds were embedded in wax with the unusually high melting-point of 140 degrees to preserve them in the heat of the tropics."

"The Customs Department rushed the package through. The stones were in our safe within half an hour of their arrival in Melbourne."

Nearly six months ago Mr. Menzies asked the firm to design a piece of jewellery for presentation to the Queen. He said he wanted something which unmistakably suggested Australia.

The resulting design was the collective effort of senior members of the staff at round-table conferences.

The brooch was made up by a craftsman who was formerly with Cartier, world-famous Paris jewellers, before coming to Australia six months ago.

When the brooch was displayed by the

jewellers early last month, before being handed over to the Commonwealth Government on February 12, crowds blocked the footpath.

"We overcame the difficulty by getting three members of the Corps of Commissioners (disabled ex-servicemen) to control the crowd," said Mr. Maxwell. "They directed people along the kerb and brought them in at angles to view it."

Many gasped at its magnificence.

Her Majesty herself seemed overwhelmed when Mr. Menzies presented it to her just before the end of the State Banquet in Canberra on February 16.

As Mr. Menzies held out the red leather case containing the brooch to Her Majesty he confessed he couldn't open it. The Queen smilingly took the case and opened it, then sat for a few moments looking down intently into the open case.

In a hushed silence everyone in King's Hall sat watching the Queen. Finally she looked up at Mr. Menzies and said, "Thank you . . . thank you."

The next morning the Queen wore the brooch on the shoulder of the dark green shantung dress in which she attended the ex-servicemen's rally outside Parliament House and presented her color at Dunroon.

Among the many other occasions on which she has worn it are the garden party at Yarralumla, Canberra, and at the races at Flemington.



BROOCH IN ACTUAL SIZE. It represents a spray of wattle with three tea-tree blossoms in the centre. Four inches long, it is made of 150 diamonds. The tea-tree flowers are five-carat blue-white diamonds.





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## TWIN SISTER TO EVERY ACTRESS



STARS see themselves as others see them when uncanny impersonator Florence Desmond "does" them. In the picture above, Tallulah Bankhead (left) poses with Florence Desmond impersonating her. The amazing Flo is making an Australian tour next month prior to her retirement from show business.

## Gifted mimic to make Australian tour

From  
**BILL STRUTTON,**  
in London

The most gifted impersonator in the wide world of show business, Florence Desmond, is scheduled to arrive in Australia late this month for a ten weeks' tour.

IT is possible that "Flo," as she is affectionately known, will appear before the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on their last evening in Australia, when the Governor of Western Australia, Sir Charles Gairdner, will give a small farewell dinner party.

Florence and her husband will fly to Perth to open her Australian season on April 1. After Perth, Miss Desmond begins a season in Adelaide and the Eastern States.

The visit of celebrated Flo, with her repertoire of almost uncanny mimicry, will be different from that of other world celebrities who have stepped on to the Australian stage.

Though many critics say that Florence Desmond is in the prime of her career, Australia will see her last performances.

Flo Desmond is retiring. "And I mean it, too," she said, and added wickily: "None of those Melba farewell tours for me. This is it."

Florence Desmond announced her farewell suddenly and dramatically before a British public of 11,000,000 only a few weeks ago.

It was on television, a medium to which she had taken like a duck to water. But waving goodbye from that little square screen to such a vast audience is the sort of goodbye one cannot take back.

That is why Flo, of the hundred disguises and the incredible voice changes, chose it.

Flo is no stranger to entertaining Royalty.

Not only has she appeared in two Royal Command variety performances, but she has entertained the Royal Family privately and often. Her last appearance was before the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret at Windsor Castle Staff Ball last Christmas.

It was the Queen Mother who, during the reign of the

late King, came to Flo's rescue during a controversy which threatened to become bitter. The trouble started when her name was removed from the bill of the Royal Command variety performance in 1937.

Her first husband, air ace Tom Campbell-Black, who had won the England to Australia air race, was killed in an air accident in 1936.

A year after his death she married Charles Hughesdon, an insurance-broker and farmer, and also an airman.

A flock of busybodies

elect to disapprove of her early remarriage, and some faint-hearted official decided to withdraw her name from the Royal Command list.

Florence Desmond wrote a distressed appeal to the Queen Mother saying it might be thought she had incurred Royal displeasure. Her star billing for the show reappeared as if by magic.

"Keep it under your hat, old man," the impresario was heard to say to another official, "but I received a request from Buckingham Palace."

It was a gramophone recording Florence Desmond made in 1932 which set the pattern of her career.

It was called "Hollywood Party." In it, wickedly, wittily, and with startling realism, she geyed Janet Gaynor, Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn, Marie Dressler, Gracie Fields, Zasu Pitts, and Tallulah Bankhead.

Scarcely any of the big stars who have been the target for her mimicry have shown any resentment.

"Tallulah Bankhead and Gracie Fields went out of their way to help me," she said. The only exception was Betty Hutton, who was piqued and refused to help Flo build up an impersonation of her.

And Flo says she needs her "victims" help. "All I need is to meet them three times—and I have them. The funny thing is, that though imitating their voices is the backbone of my act I cannot impersonate them if I hear them merely over the radio."

## SPECIAL MODEL QUEST

Girls who will celebrate their 21st birthday this June have a chance to earn 100 guineas.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY is looking for a typical Australian girl to be photographed in color.

If your birthday falls in June, 1954, and you were born in Australia, you are eligible.

TO ENTER: Send us your photograph to reach this office before April 21. The photograph can be either head and shoulders or a full length snapshot. With it enclose your full name and address, and write a short letter telling us your measurements, coloring, whether you are single or married, and something about your job and your interests.

Besides the special model fee of 100 guineas for the girl we choose, there will be six fees of ten guineas each for other girls also chosen to be photographed in color.

We will take further photographs of finalists before making our decision. Prizewinners will be required to produce proof of the date of their birth.



# AMERICANS' LUXURY CRUISE



REUNION between Mr. Gerald Christie (centre), of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Jacobs, of Blakehurst, N.S.W., when the Caronia berthed in Sydney. Mr. Jacobs, an ex-serviceman, was entertained by Mr. Christie when on leave during the war.



FELLOW PASSENGERS Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Paige, of New York, and Mrs. B. F. Bernard (left), of North Carolina, enjoy a rest on the Caronia's deck. Mr. and Mrs. Paige have thirteen grandchildren, all of whom want toy koalas as souvenirs.

## Passengers all like the ship, the trip, and toy koalas as souvenirs

A sheikh and his wife who bought 15 toy koalas, a woman manufacturer who likes to visit tanneries, and a seven-year-old girl on her third tour were among the 471 American passengers who visited Sydney in the course of a world cruise in the luxury liner Caronia.

PASSENGERS did big buying of toy koalas. The couple who bought 15—a record haul up to five hours before the Caronia sailed—were the Sheikh Mustafa al Ibrahim and his American-born wife.

The Sheikh's home was originally in Basra, Iraq, but he has lived in New York for 14 years. He was consul for Iraq before the war.

Owner of a 9000-acre date plantation in Iraq, which has been in his family for more than 600 years, the Sheikh was interested to see identical date palms growing in Sydney gardens.

"Because your climate doesn't ripen the dates they won't be a threat to our export of 200,000 cases a year, but it makes us feel at home to see them here," he said.

The handsome, dark-skinned Sheikh said he had retired from the family business seven years ago, leaving the management to Youssef, the son of his first wife.

He now lives in a spacious Fifth Avenue apartment furnished in Louis XV style.

His wife, a fair, blue-eyed woman, said that ever since her marriage 18 years ago she has made an annual trip to Basra to visit her husband's family.

"My husband was a widower when we were married, but his family have accepted me without any reservations," she said. "On my first trip to Basra I asked him if he would like me to wear a veil.

"Why should you?" he said. "You're an American. So I never have."

DOWN in the ship's dining saloon was seven-year-old Wendy Willard, of Buffalo, New York State, who was making short work of a large slice of iced watermelon.

Wendy is travelling with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Willard.

"Sure I like this trip," she said with a smile that showed a gap where four front teeth were yet to come through.

"I always like to go abroad and see things in other countries. This is my third trip. Last time we did India and South Africa."

When Mr. Willard returned from a trip to the Blue Mountains, he was carrying a huge boomerang he had bought on the wharf for Wendy. She pounced on it with glee.

"Gee, Mommy, won't this be fine for killing the pheasants at home," she said, waving it wildly. "They come right into the garden, sometimes 30 at a time, and we're not allowed to shoot them because they're protected."

"I wouldn't know how to throw those things," said Mr. Willard rather nervously, "but they tell me you can do it just like a snowball and we can throw those fine."

"I LIKE to see tanneries everywhere I go," said Mrs. Emile Garfinkel, of East Orange, New Jersey, who claims to be the only woman in America to manufacture handles.

"My firm makes handles for leather bags and suitcases," she said.

"In Melbourne, I just didn't have time to see a tannery, and now in Sydney it's the week-

end, and the next stop is Guadalcanal.

"So I guess I'm just not meant to see an Australian tannery after all."

OVERLAND from Melbourne to rejoin the ship in Sydney came Mrs. Demarest Lloyd, of Washington, D.C., who said that before she left America she thought Australians would be "omery, uppity, and carrying chips on their shoulders."

"But everyone's been so friendly," she said. "When we left our hotel in Albany the whole staff came to the front door to wave us off."

"It was like that everywhere. People made us so welcome."

"I travelled in a coach which took us to Gunga Din, the place where the dog sat on the tuckerbox. It isn't Gunga Din? Well, Gundagin."

"There was a song written about it too, I believe. 'When a boy from Alabama meets a girl from Gunga Din.' There, I've got it wrong again."

SETTING out to "do the town" were Mr. and Mrs. William S. Feldman, of Miami Beach, Florida, who are making their third trip in the Caronia in three years.

Mrs. Feldman, a bright-eyed little woman, was wearing a brown-and-white print frock, brown pullover, and a black eye-veil splattered with gleaming brilliants.

Mr. Feldman, a large, imposing figure, wore a bright yellow nylon shirt covered in white spots, bright blue linen trousers, and a panama hat.

"We just love this boat, it's so homey," said Mrs. Feldman. "My husband's busy with his



ON THEIR THIRD TRIP in the Caronia in three years are Mr. and Mrs. William S. Feldman, of Miami Beach, Florida. They love the ship because it is so "homey"

real estate business all the year round, and we have to rush from Florida to New York several times a year.

"When we get back on this old ship it's just like getting home from the city after a hard day's work and we can put our feet up and relax. It's just great."

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Richard Moscher, of Boston, is travelling with his grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Durfee, of Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

Richard, who was wearing a straw topee with red and green New Zealand pois bobbing at the brim, described a typical day in his life on board ship.

"Round 7.30 a.m. I get up and breakfast at eight. Then I've always got a meeting up stairs with about six old men. We all talk a heck of a lot."

"After that I play shuffleboard, and go to lunch at one o'clock. In the afternoon I'm pretty busy studying French and geometry and Latin."

"There's usually a movie at 4.30. Of course, I walk round the deck, and there are often lectures to go to."

"Often, though, I go down with the crew, and I do a lot

of fishing with a nylon line from A deck aft."

"I use shrimps or tenderloin steak as bait (there's any amount of good stuff for bait aboard), and sometimes I catch fish."

"In the evening I put on my summer tuxedo—that's a white dinner jacket—but there's no one my age to dance with. There's a girl of twelve aboard, but she's too young."

RELAXING on smoothly upholstered deck chairs were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Paige, of New York, and their friend Mrs. B. F. Bernard, of North Carolina.

"Sure you can come and join us," they said genially. "We're just sitting here shooting scuttlebutt."

When we looked puzzled, Mrs. Paige enlightened us: "It's an old Navy term for gossiping," he said.

The Paiges are proud of their 13 grandchildren in America, all of whom wanted koalas as souvenirs. Mrs. Bernard showed us her novel "granny" bracelet made of solid silver chain, with miniature photos of her two daughters and nine grandchildren dangling from it in round frames made of brilliants.



SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Wendy Willard, of Buffalo, New York State, with her mother in the ship's dining-saloon before going shopping. Wendy has made three trips abroad.



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ANGELS IN GLASS: John Hutton, New Zealand artist, at work on his glass screen for the new £800,000 Coventry Cathedral.

## Girl has 5-year job posing as angel

A 22-year-old English village girl, Marigold Dodson, will pose as an angel for the next five years modelling for engravings on glass for the new Coventry Cathedral, which will replace the one almost wiped out by German bombs in World War II.

The engravings are being done by New Zealand artist John Hutton.

COVENTRY, still-expanding industrial city in the Midlands, is famous for Lady Godiva's ride as well as for the battering it took from German bombs in the war.

Coventry is now also known for its new cathedral, on which work has begun. It has been called a "press-button" cathedral, a "cross between a super cinema and an abbatoir," and compared with "an American railway terminus."

Critics whose idea of a cathedral is a mellow grey stone building in Gothic style were horrified at architect Basil Spence's talk of steel and concrete columns and a glass wall.

Mr. Hutton's engravings of 60 Biblical figures will be displayed on a glass screen stretched across the full width of the cathedral.

Glass treated in this way is a new medium for church decoration—and with the light shining behind the screen the figures stand out like transparent sculpture.

When I saw some of Mr. Hutton's beautiful engravings in his studio in St. John's Wood, I asked his model, Marigold Dodson, if she would not find it difficult to be an angel for five years.

"You could say I am almost a professional angel," said Marigold, whose round face, with its pink-and-white complexion, has something of the quality of a Botticelli cherub. "I'm so used to holding the poses."

Marigold was the model for Mr. Hutton's engravings of angels in the Commonwealth Air Forces Memorial at Runnymede, which was opened by the Queen last year.

Marigold also posed as the Virgin Mary for a figure in the parish church of Egham, and for some allegorical figures in the Old Bailey.

When I saw her she was wearing knee-length, knitted

wool socks, stout black walking shoes, a black skirt, and a bright red blouse.

I asked Mr. Hutton how he decided she would make a good angel.

"I saw her posing at the art school and thought she looked like an angel," he said.

"With a few alterations," piped Marigold.

"Should I say, was suitable to pose as an angel," continued Mr. Hutton. "She has a light ethereal air about her."

"Not when I'm clumping round in these stockings," interrupted the angel.

Mr. Hutton teaches mural painting at the Goldsmith College School of Art in London. He has done murals for the liner *Oradea* and is completing murals for the new liner *Orsova*, which begins its

From  
**AUDREY BUDD,**  
in London

London-Sydney run on March 17.

"Posing as an angel has its drawbacks," Marigold told me.

Mr. Hutton had difficulty in getting the right line of the drapery folds for the angels at Runnymede.

"My wife suggested that I use wet draperies to get the right effect," he explained.

"Cold, wet draperies," broke in Marigold with a shudder. "I insisted on them being hot, and kept dipping them in a bucket of hot water. I hope he doesn't get that idea again."

"The effect was perfect," observed Mr. Hutton.



MARIGOLD DODSON holds an angelic pose. Artist John Hutton's big worry is that Marigold will marry before he has finished his work for Coventry Cathedral.

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YOUR BREATH INSTANTLY!

WITH  
**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**



92% of DENTAL DECAY GERMS DESTROYED! Tests by famous North American and European Universities prove that one brushing with Kolynos Dental Cream destroys up to 92% of dental decay bacteria in the mouth.

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It sounds almost too good to be true—but years of research have proved it! Now those enzymes which turn starches and sugars into dental decay acids can be stopped! Now! Kolynos Dental Cream contains a special anti-enzyme

ingredient which protects your teeth from these acids. This wonderful new kind of protection is effective from the first moment you start brushing your teeth after a meal. Those acids don't have a chance to get started on their destructive work!



**KOLYNOS**  
DENTAL CREAM



# "SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY...."

● The simple styles which are the Queen's preference for her daytime wardrobe are exemplified by the smart ensemble she wore to the races at Flemington and the tennis at Kooyong in Melbourne. But in the evening she is dazzling in elegant gowns and magnificent jewellery.



**OPENING OF TASMANIAN PARLIAMENT.** The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh pause to acknowledge the cheers of the people before the opening of Parliament in Hobart. The Queen wore a white corded silk gown, diamonds, and a mink stole.



**STATE RECEPTION IN HOBART.** The Queen, accompanied by the Premier of Tasmania, Mr. R. Cosgrove, and his wife, Dame Gertrude, in the background, arrives at the City Hall, Hobart. Her Majesty's white brocade gown was woven with silver.



**ABOVE:** The Queen enters Parliament House, Canberra, for the State Ball with Mr. Menzies. She wore a gown of white Chantilly lace embroidered with silver.

**RIGHT:** Arriving for the Civic Ball in Hobart, the Queen is greeted by the Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Harris, and Lady Harris. The Queen wore lilac organza.







**THE QUEEN AT KOOYONG.** Australian Davis Cup player Lewis Hoad is presented with a silver tray by the Queen after the international tennis match in Melbourne. President of the L.T.A.A., Sir Norman Brookes, and the Duke of Edinburgh stand by.

**IN THE ROYAL BOX AT FLEMINGTON.** Below, vice-chairman of the Victoria Racing Club, Mr. E. A. Underwood, part-owner and breeder of *Cramis*, which won the Queen Elizabeth Stakes, is talking to the Queen. The Duke is seated beside Lady Manifold.





"They'll whisper about you!"



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do offend

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DEODORANT

People will whisper . . .  
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Good looks and personality don't stand a chance against  
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You bath every day—but that's not enough—that  
just washes away past perspiration. You may think you're  
safe, but although you rarely notice underarm odour  
yourself — others do! Everyone perspires — in-  
cluding you. And even  
perfume won't hide that  
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freshness by always using  
a touch of Mum after  
your bath or shower,  
then you can be sure of  
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YOUTH FEATURE by Ailsa Craig

## The happy medium

Last week Doreen and John had a serious quarrel. Their friends are saying it's a good thing, that they were never right for each other, anyway.

**D**OREEN, pretty, exuberant, and kind-hearted, is a drifter. Her main idea is to enjoy herself now and let the future take care of itself.

When her name is mentioned, people laugh affectionately, and say, "Oh, yes, Doreen. You never know what she'll do next. No wonder she and John had a row."

Since she left school a year ago Doreen has had a bewildering number of different jobs. Her "careers" are notorious for their brevity.

She's been a trainee nurse (two months), a clerk (one month), a messenger girl (three weeks), a hairdresser's apprentice (two weeks), a book shop assistant (unfinished).

If you ask her why on earth she doesn't make up her mind what she wants to do, she says airily, "There's plenty of time to decide."

Unless she makes up her mind fairly soon she'll find time has slipped by without her noticing it. Then it may be too late to decide.

John is the direct opposite. When he was 14 he said he'd like to be a dentist. At 17 he matriculated but didn't get a scholarship. His parents couldn't afford to send him to University without one, so he set to for another year at school, spending his holidays doing odd jobs to earn money.

He begins his University course this year—with a scholarship.

He's not brilliant. He's a steady worker who knows what he wants and plans to get it. Good luck to him, too, though I hope his absorption in his career doesn't make him dull.

Already he's inclined to be a bit of a stick-in-the-mud. When you ask him why he doesn't go out and enjoy himself more he says, "I've got to get through first. There'll be

plenty of time for that afterwards."

Like Doreen, John may discover as time goes by that habits formed over the years are too hard to break.

It's easy to see why John and Doreen quarrelled. She thinks he wastes too much time with his old books; he thinks she just wastes time.

As John puts it, "I learned at school that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Doreen won't see this."

Straight lines mean nothing

*A bachelor's opinion:*

### GIRLS OR GOLF CLUBS?

**H**ERE in Australia it's often suggested that woman, universally acknowledged as man's strongest weakness, takes second place to the golf club, the surf board, and the "sport of kings."

Whether that's right or wrong, the fact remains that the fair sex figures dominantly in the life of Mr. Aussie.

Just how dominantly most males don't like admitting, but at least they have to own up that she does have a restraining influence.

In a community of men—a primitive mining area, for instance—the arrival of a woman works an astonishing change in the mode of life.

Stubbly chins become smooth, clothes lose their creases, and curtains appear in windows.

A new era begins—one of competition for the lady's favors.

The belief that a woman can make a man of a beast and an angel of a man is debatable, but, in all honesty, men have to confess that she does smooth off a few of the rough edges.

to Doreen. She moves by fits and starts, and usually in circles. She has no sense of having to get somewhere fast.

If John marries a girl like Doreen—and despite themselves the Johns of the world sometimes do—her lack of method will drive him crazy.

Opposites may attract at parties and dances, but they find it hard to live together for always, especially when they're as opposite as these two.

Doreen's way isn't wholly bad and John's isn't wholly good. Both are too extreme. Neither realises that they could be better-adjusted

people if they took a few leaves out of each other's book.

Doreen has more fun than John, makes friends more easily, and has fewer worries. But unluckily life isn't all froth and bubble. It has its responsible moments.

Despite her charm, she won't get far against the tough competition in the commercial world, where one is expected to concentrate.

She should find a job she likes, learn to do it well, and stick to it. If she can get used to accepting responsibility, so much the better. It will give her a flying start for the more important job ahead—that of running a home and looking after a family.

Of course, she may marry a man who doesn't mind dining out of tins, who thinks Doreen's good qualities make up for her inability to cope. It happens like that sometimes, but not often.

John should take stock of himself, too. He's on the way to becoming one of those stodgy men who can't see beyond his own point of view. He could turn out a martinet husband, the kind who keeps a too-strict eye on the household budget, blows his top if the dinner's late, and won't have the dogs inside the house.

He might even forget how it feels to be human.

People like Doreen inspired the old saying that "those who drift with the tide end up on the rocks." At the other end of the scale is John, steering grimly ahead and missing a lot of delightful scenery.

Somewhere between these two lies a happy medium, a compromise, a way of playing down one's shortcomings so that they don't become thorns in the flesh of those one loves.

The happy medium is worth finding, for it means all the difference between intelligent living and a disgruntled, cat-and-dog existence.

**A RECORDING** with the catchy name of "Tennessee Wig Walk" stands a very good chance of moving into the hit parade bracket. It's a country-style novelty, full of fun and rhythm. A girl named Bonnie Lou does it on A7835, and it would appear that there's a double soundtrack because the "shadow-voice" sounds very much like Miss Lou again. For her backing she selects a waltz ballad of the type favored by Vera Lynn—"Scrap of Paper"—and this looks like reaching the top, too.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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and deal sweetly with  
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**Cuticura  
SOAP**



# LUXURY FURS IN AUSTRALIA

The furs below are part of a collection to be shown at a fashion parade in St. Kilda Town Hall, Melbourne, on March 23, to aid the Australian Red Cross. The furs were all processed and styled by Australian furriers.



**RARE VARIETY** of light-colored mink called *topaz* is used for this gracefully styled stole. The stole is designed to wear with day or evening clothes.



**NATURAL RANCH MINK** used in the stole (above) is perhaps the best wearing and most popular type of mink in the world. Detachable fur tails give an elegant finish.



**CAPE STOLE** of silver-blue dyed musquash has the appearance of mink. The skins are rounded in the cape and scored vertically in the stole.



**SWEDISH** natural blue fox fur cape stole (above right) is designed for after dark to cover bare shoulders. In Paris, long-haired, fluffy furs are a coming and very important fashion.

**DRAMATIC CONTRAST** in the black Persian lamb coat (right) is created by the deep shawl collar and matching cuffs in cream Koh-i-noor mink. The coat is cut with the precision of cloth.



**SNOWDRIFT**, the new pure white ermine which never changes its color, is chosen for the superb knee-length evening stole (above). The stole is gracefully designed to hug the wearer's shoulders and frame an evening decolletage, or to wrap close to the throat. The ermine tail trim lends contrast. Pictures by staff photographer E. Mann.



# LUCAS

## Permanently Pleated Nylon



Unrivalled LUCAS nylon tricot . . . so durable and easily washable, the wondrous pleats always remaining permanent.

Sizes 12 to 42 available in princess slips, nightgowns, dressing jackets, vests and scanties.

In Pink Pearl, Ivory and Black.

Write to E. LUCAS & CO., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, for the name of your nearest store

MOTHER



"Look, Mum! No hands!"

TELLING HIM



"When he wants you, HE WANTS YOU."

# It seems to me

OUR knitting section this week and last week's fashion supplement are among the signs of the inexorable approach of winter.

There is always something a little sad about the departure of summer, even if you have been growling your head off about the heat.

I don't suppose it applies to residents of Marble Bar, but the majority of denizens of the city canyons are a little depressed to foresee the last of the summer week-ends.

It is much more difficult to believe in the coming need for winter clothes when it is still warm than it is to imagine spring while the winds remain chilly.

Come the first cold wind, I shall be in a department store scrabbling among the woolsens with thousands of others who know as well as I do that early birds get the choice.

This reluctance to believe in the approach of cold weather and chilblains is one of the signs of optimism in the human race. If you don't believe that the human race is optimistic, just ask yourself what has kept it going so long.

ON the fashion front I am delighted to learn that Schiaparelli has launched the "Too Big" look in Paris.

The clothes are supposed to look as if they were made for your big sister, or, a writer suggests, like Charlie Chaplin's.

The suits and coats are popular because they are comfortable and because, says the same writer, they make women look like graceful, long-necked swans.

One suit, for instance, is black woollen with wide revers on the big satin collar, and pockets cut into the revers, the whole giving the effect of being about to slip off the wearer's neck and shoulders.

I am really looking forward to this fashion, because, like most SSW's, I am always being prevented by friends from buying clothes which, they say firmly, were designed for tall, long-legged creatures.

Many is the time I have tried on a coat with an enormous collar and huge sleeves only to be stopped from buying it by well-meaning bystanders.

"You look," one says, "like an orphan of the storm, a poor little wail, peering out of that collar."

"You look," says an even closer friend, "like a mouse caught in a rat-trap."

I can hardly wait for the "Too Big" fashion to hit the local shops.

"Mouse nothing," I shall say. "I look—and I quote—like a graceful, long-necked swan."

WHAT Next Department: Artificial egg-shells are being produced in America. They are made of sheet steel or plastic and the eggs are transferred into them from nature's fragile containers for storage and packing.

I hope that the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Hens will see that miniature hacksaws are included for the odd chicken.



Dorothy Drann

IN a suburban paper the other day there appeared an advertisement saying, "Medium ladies wanted for social club."

It is only fair to explain that further study showed that the advertisement was one of a number appearing under the general heading of tennis.

The "medium," therefore, probably referred to the skill of the ladies at tennis.

And yet there was something generally comforting about the ad. It is nice to know that somebody wants medium ladies. So many of us are medium in age, medium in looks, medium in everything.

This is encouraging in a competitive age when you feel that you should be a Marjorie Jackson, a Jane Russell, or a Clare Boothe Luce to have justified your existence.

The comfort is that there are more of the rest of us. Long live the medium ladies and long live the people who want them for social clubs.

DRIVING between Grafton and Coff's Harbor this month I noticed a place called "Dirty Creek."

It was a pleasant enough place. Indeed, as we went through in the early morning, the creek and its surroundings looked pretty in the sunlight, and it seemed a pity to hamper it with such a name.

Names like "Despair" and "Desolation" and "Hopeless," with their echo of the trials of early explorers, have a kind of tragic glamour about them, but "Dirty Creek" sounds as if its namer was merely irritable.

BEFORE becoming engaged a girl should watch her man fill in his tax return, says Dr. Sidney Jourard, an American professor of psychology. He adds that a man who lists deductions to the decimal may want his bride to account for her grocery allowance; that a man who is careless about his deductions may need a wife who will handle the money.

Darling, ere I take your ring,

Let us wait until July.

Marriage is a serious thing;

Few succeed, though many try.

There is something I would learn (Though I love you none the less);

When you fill your tax return,

Your behaviour I'll assess.

Do you treasure each receipt?

Keep a check on doctors' fees?

Do you watch the pence, my sweet?

Dot your i's and cross your t's?

Are you careless with your dough?

Neat accounting do you spurn?

But—this I REALLY want to know—

What exactly do you earn?



**ARTISTIC** Mrs. Nell Thomas, of Inverell, N.S.W., makes original pictures, tray bases, and firecreens by piecing together fragments torn from color pages in *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

A friend of Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. I. E. Scholes, who was visiting Sydney from Inverell, brought us in a sample of Mrs. Thomas' work.

It was a model for a magazine cover mounted on cardboard, and showed a country town with houses, a church, roads, flowers, and people in the foreground, and a blue river and green hills in the background.

Only by looking closely could we see that this pleasant scene was made up of myriads of small, colored scraps, pasted down, and blended together.

Mrs. Thomas, who may spend anything up to 20 hours fitting one work together, has made some dozen pictures, five tray bases, and four firecreens in the past three years.

She usually gives them as presents to her friends.

One firescreen tells the story in pictures of Mrs. Thomas' life from girlhood to marriage.

Mrs. Scholes, who sometimes helps her friend compose the pictures, told us that skylines are the hardest parts of the scenes to find.

"Sometimes," she said, "we take hours to get the right effect. There aren't so many skies in the *Weekly*, and, of course, part of the fun is in not using any other paper. Often we have to patch one sky with bits from a dozen or more copies."

# Worth Reporting

## Her painting for the Queen

THE illuminated addresses to be presented to the Queen by the Country Women's Association and the Victoria League when she visits Brisbane have been painted by Mrs. Lilian Pedersen, a graduate of the Manchester School of Art.

The designs embody Royal symbols and Australian flowers. Mrs. Pedersen has also made the cases for the addresses.

The one for the C.W.A. is of fine blue morocco leather, broadly laced at the seams with red, white, and blue thongs with silver tassels. The front design is in reds and blues on a shield of gold leaf, and features a crown resting on a cushion, under which are the initials E.H.R. supported by the Union Jack and the Australian flag.

There are six of Mrs. Pedersen's illuminated pieces in the various chapels of St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane. Another, a copy of Andrew Barton Paterson's poems, is in the possession of the Queensland National Gallery.

**BEST** understatement we've heard lately came from a woman sitting behind us at the film on Everest.

"Rather steep, isn't it?" she said, as the cameras took in the 29,002-foot altitude of the mountain.

**SONGWRITER** Harley Cohan (well known for the wartime hit "Swinging Along the Road to Victory") lent us a recording of his latest number.

It's called "Because I Love Australia" and won the Australian National Anthem Quest contended for by Australian songwriters.

Mr. Cohan, who has written over 70 songs, served with the A.I.F. in World War I, losing the sight of an eye at Gallipoli. He is giving all proceeds of the new song to the Partially Blinded Soldiers' Association of Australia.

## Light car for thin people

WE dropped in to the official "launching" of a new model of a well-known British car and decided it was the answer to the question "How much luggage can you carry in a light car?"

This one has no boot at the back, but the two rear seats fold forward to give space for 38 cubic feet of luggage, or about eight fair-sized suitcases.

But there was a moment of tension when we slipped into the driver's seat and found ourselves wedged firmly under the wheel.

After weeks of counting calories and swallowing slimming pills, we decided we still have a long way to go.

## Butterflies by the thousands

TWO hundred thousand colorful butterflies from New Guinea and the Pacific Islands make up an outstanding collection owned by the chairman of Taronga Park Trust, Sir Edward Hallstrom.

A butterfly catcher who is specially trained to trap the insects without damaging their fragile wings is employed full time to build up Sir Edward's collection.

He has a private aircraft at his disposal to reach otherwise inaccessible country.

"Every butterfly in the collection is perfect," Sir Edward told us.

"Some of the specimens are specially bred from the pupa stage, fed on a special diet like silkworms, and eventually anaesthetised so that there is not the slightest mark on them."

During the Queen's visit to Sydney, Sir Edward kept part of his collection at Taronga Park Zoo so that Her Majesty could see them if she decided to pay a surprise call.

**SCANNING** Mrs. Beeton's cookery book of 1888, we came upon a section devoted to Australian dishes. It included a recipe for Parrot Pie (take one dozen parakeets), the pastry trimmed with three feathers and the bird's claws.

## FAMILY HOME CONTEST

### STILL TIME TO ENTER

**HOUSE PLANS** entered in our Family Home Contest must reach this office by March 26 at 12 noon.

Details of the amateur section were reprinted in our issue of March 10, and of the professional section in the issue of February 24.

**PRIZEMONEY TOTALS £3000.**

**THERE IS STILL TIME TO ENTER.**

**DRAW YOUR PLAN NOW!**

## No mock about this turtle soup

A 200-YEAR-OLD turtle weighing 182lb., netted by a trawler off the New South Wales coast, provided diners at a Sydney hotel with the first turtle soup and steaks in 20 years.

Hotel manager Mr. G. R. Schloins told us that turtle steaks were cooked in butter.

"The steaks taste like veal schnitzels," said Mr. Schloins, "and are very tender. There's a remarkable difference between the soup made from a freshly killed turtle, and that made from dried meat known as 'angel turtle' to the trade."

Turtles make a rare appearance on menus, as they are protected if found on beaches. The shell of this green sea turtle was sent to the Australian Museum.

A SYDNEY firm of furriers has copied Queen Elizabeth's much-photographed snowdrift Russian ermine stole which she wore to the world premiere of the Mount Everest film last November.

Now any woman in Australia with 375 guineas to spare, an invitation to meet the Queen at a formal evening reception (and of course a keen sense of personal publicity), could turn up in an identical stole.

If she just wants the stole on its own merit she'll be pleased to know that snowdrift ermine is the first to be processed in such a way that it can never go yellow with age.

Obviously Her Majesty buys with an eye to the future, too.



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**ORIGINAL**

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Over 60,000 housewives throughout Australia own a Semak Vitamizer—proof positive of the usefulness of this appliance. And once you buy one you'll find it will play a big part in the preparation of all meals, every day. You'll wonder how you ever managed without it.

Semak Vitamizers are available from electrical stores throughout the Commonwealth. Models in all voltages—32, 50, 110 and 230-250. It doesn't matter where you live you can have a Semak Vitamizer—Australia's wonder food preparer.

4 out of 5 housewives who use an electric liquefier use the Semak Vitamizer.



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When you buy your Semak Vitamizer you get a valuable, attractively bound recipe book. It contains over 400 tested recipes, and all you need to know on the simple operation of your Vitamizer. This recipe book is also available to people who already own a Vitamizer at a nominal charge of 7/6.

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Vitamizer for the correct period. This is indicated in the Recipe Book.

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Empty out the contents ready to use. What could be more simple?



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**CLERK OF THE COURSE** Mr. Joe Mallon, of "Glenduart," Orange, talks with, from left, Robert Brazier, of "Nenbrygn," Eucharsena, Elaine Brazier, of "Bianosee," Eucharsena, Sue Burrows, and Judy Hayes.



**ATTRACTIVE TRIO.** From left, Betty Gibson, of "Wigdale," Girilambone, Barbara McLaughlin, of "Whitewood," Nyngan, and Louise Hall, of "Locksley," Nyngan, pause in front of the saddling paddock on Cup Day.



**SMART RACEGOERS.** Mrs. Gordon Brandon (left) with her sister, Mrs. Robert Stevenson, both of Orange, and Betty Treweek, of Randwick, Mrs. Brandon wore an all-white ensemble with an emerald scarf at her waist.

## Centenary Cup in ORANGE

**ORANGE** was practically a deserted city on the afternoon of the Centenary Cup Meeting, when most businessmen gave their staffs a half-holiday to celebrate a hundred years of racing in the district.

Many areas of central-western New South Wales were represented at the meeting, which attracted crowds of more than 8000 over the three days' racing.

The course was a picture well worth seeing, with its intensely green lawns and track, multi-colored bookmakers' stands, and a riot of flowers carefully brought to their best for the meeting.

In the background, Mount Canobolas and Pinnacle Mountain dominated the horizon.

**CARICATURES** of committee members and futuristic drawings of horses lined the walls of the Strand Theatre when a gala Cup Eve party was held by the committee after the first day's racing. I visited the theatre on the morning of the party and watched wives of committee members and their friends decorate it with beautiful flowers from practically every garden in Orange. Another feature of the party was a large photograph of the Queen placed on the dais, backed by her cipher outlined in lights.

**LONG-RANGE** plans for a trip abroad are being made by the president of the Orange Jockey Club, Mr. Bill Blunt, and Mrs. Blunt. They have booked passages in the Himalaya for March, 1955, and expect to be away for six or seven months.

**MRS. I. MAC. SMITH**, of "Boree Cabonne," Bore-nore, told me that her daughter, Mrs. Bill McPherson, of "Walteela," Jerilderie, has named her new daughter Katrina Bertha—Bertha after Mrs. Mac. Smith, Mrs. McPherson's sister, Mrs. Douglas Service, flew to Jerilderie on her way home to Forbes after a three weeks' holiday at Newport, while Mr. Service and their children, Felicity and Sam, went on home.



**GRANDSTAND VIEW** of the races for Sue Purser, of "Valdemar," Millthorpe (left), and Mary Golsby, of Conera. Sue wore white accessories with her sky-blue linen dress and Mary chose mist-blue nylon with a floral design.

**MAYOR** of Orange, Mr. Ernest White, and Mrs. White won't have much time to relax now that the races are over. Mr. White is national president of the Association of Apex Clubs, and he and Mrs. White will leave on March 27 for the National Convention at Bunbury, in Western Australia. They'll be away for about a month, but their children, Jennifer, Rosemary, Allison, and Murray, will stay home in Orange to prevent interruption to their schooling.

**WONDERFUL** hats were worn to the two-day meeting by Mrs. John Cooper, of "Mirridong," Cudal. The first day, she chose a straight-set Dior model of pale burnt-sienna straw with a wide brim turned down at the edges. On Cup Day, her hat was another Parisian one of fine midnight-blue straw shaped like an upturned saucer and trimmed with touches of white on the brim.

**CHALK-WHITE** embroidered linen dress chosen for Cup Day by Mrs. Fred Blunt was the one she wore to Government House, Sydney, when her brother, Mr. H. A. Taylor, was invested with the M.B.E. by the Queen.

**MEMBERS** of the committee told me they'd estimated that there were more than 1500 men among the 2000 racegoers who attended the first day of the Centenary Cup meeting. Sartorial honors went to Geoff Murray, in a coffee-colored suit with a jaunty checked bow-tie, and to Robert Macarthur Onslow, in a grey suit and dark green hat.

**A GREAT** deal of interest was created by Mrs. Joe Mallon's arrival at the course in a horse-drawn sulky. Mrs. Mallon told me: "If I ever drove a car I'd hang on to the wheel and call 'Whoa!'"

Anne



**CUP EVE PARTY.** Mayor of Orange, Mr. Ernest White, and Mrs. White, who were among more than two hundred guests at the party given by the committee at the Strand Theatre after the races.



**PICKING A WINNER.** Mrs. John Kouvelis, of "Springfield," Byng, Mrs. Jack Blunt, of "Morangie," Lucknow, and Mrs. Kouvelis' sister, Mrs. Jim O'Riordan, of Rose Bay, at the races on Cup Day.



**MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.** Mrs. Geoff Murray with her 16-year-old daughter, Jan, at the races. Jan wore a green-and-black dress.





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## DRESS SENSE

by  
**Betty Keep**



● A new party line in autumn fashions—the short-skirted evening dress styled with covered shoulders.

THE autumn fashion flash above answers a reader who writes: "Is it correct to wear a ballerina-length dress to a party at which men are wearing tuxedos? If so, would you design me a frock to make in a silk chiffon, for which I could obtain a paper pattern in 34in. bust."

Yes, it is perfectly correct. In current London dress collections the designers are showing short-skirted formals with skirts 15 inches up from the floor. The Paris designers are featuring the same fashion with a slightly shorter skirt-line—approximately 16 inches from the floor.

The design I have chosen for your silk chiffon is illustrated, above. The shoulders are covered, another new fashion point, the back cowl. Paper pattern for the design is obtainable at 3/6. See lines under sketch for details.

"I WANT a new autumn day-frock made in a soft wool, and would like to know if a coat-frock is still being worn. If not, please suggest a popular style."

The princess silhouette, moulded and gored through the midriff, with a belled skirt, is the most popular day-time line for autumn. This type of dress is often collarless and always beltless. The skirt is belled out on its own inner lining.

"I HAVE a suit length in navy wool and four yards of plaid wool featuring a lot of green and blue in the plaid, and I want to combine both fabrics in some type of winter outfit. I would like your opinion on this idea."

A fitted jacket, two skirts, and a reversible vest would be a perfect winter wardrobe ensemble and a very practical way to utilise your plaid and plaid wools.

Details of ensemble: Fitted jacket in navy wool with collar, revers, and cuffs in plaid; two slim-line skirts, one in plaid and one in plain wool; and the vest cut like a man's—the plaid wool one side and

D.S.78—Short-skirted dance dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires approximately 9yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

the plain the other—fastened with gilt buttons.

"IS a light wool dressmaker suit still being worn for the coming season? If so, I would like to know the sort of design. I don't want it tailored."

Yes, it is. There are numbers of featherweight wool suitings, and for these soft woollens the style formula is as follows:—

Shoulders rounded with a little or no padding; bracelet-length sleeves, neckline open, low-cut, or with a frame-collared detail; waistline easy fitting rather than cinched; and jacket short, 21 to 23 inches in length, and most often matched with a slim skirt.

"WOULD you give me a few ideas for debs' dresses, and is pure white or cream being worn?"

Pure white ranks as top preference for debutante fashions. The newest designs have completely bare shoulders and are floor-length. Satin is top favorite, with bouffant tulle next. The gown with a dome skirt and slight fullness at the back is perfect for satin.



● In this section we give you directions for making high-fashion handknits. Featured in the collection are the bulky knits, newest sweater craze from America. Two dramatically designed examples are shown on this page.

THICK fleecy sports wool, doubled, makes the big-collared long-torso sweater and dolman sweater, right. Quick to knit, they cost little to make and look well with slim shirts, slacks, or jeans. Directions are given below.

## LONG-TORSO SWEATER

Materials: Patons "Titania" sports wool, used double throughout (this is the only wool which should be used). Size 32in. bust—12oz. color A, 9oz. color B; size 34in. bust—14oz. color A, 11oz. color B; size 36in. bust—16oz. color A, 13oz. color B, 1 pair No. 2 knitting needles; 2 stitch-holders.

Tension: 3 sts. to 1in. in width.

Commencing at sleeve cuff edge with A, cast on 44 sts. Work in g-st. (knit every row) for 17 rows. Break off A, join in B, cont. in g-st. for 6in. without shaping. Cast on 48 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows for front and back (140 sts.). Work even for 14 (16-18) rows. Break off B. Join in A.

To Divide for Neck: Next Row: With A, k 70, place rem. sts. on a holder, working across 70 sts. only on needle, k 15 rows with A, 16 rows with B, then 16 rows with A. Place sts. on a second holder, and break off.

Next Row: With right side of work facing, place 70 sts. from first stitch-holder on to left-hand needle, join in A at neck edge and k across. Work 15 more rows with A, 16 rows with B, 16 rows with A. Break off. With right side facing place sts. from second stitch-holder on to same needle with other sts., join in B at lower edge and k across all 140 sts. 13 (15-17) rows with B. Cast off 48 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work sleeve to correspond with first sleeve.

## COLLAR

With A cast on 18 sts. Work in g-st. for 24in. Cast off. Sew ends together to form circle, then sew to neck of sweater.

## HIP BAND

With wrong side facing, with A, pick up and knit 48 (50-52) sts. across lower edge of one side of sweater. Work in g-st. for 4in., cast off. Work across other lower edge in the same manner.

## TO MAKE UP

With damp cloth and warm iron, press very lightly on the wrong side. With a flat seam sew side and sleeve seams. Turn up cuffs and hip band and tack into position. Fold collar in half.

## DOLMAN SWEATER

Materials: 14 skeins of pearl-grey, shade D20, 10 skeins white, shade D1, Paton's "Titania" sports wool, used double throughout (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair of No. 2 knitting needles; 1 crochet hook.

Tension: 3 sts. to 1in. in width.

Fitting: 32in. to 38in. bust.

Beginning at lower edge of front and using grey wool, cast on 44 sts.

Work in ribbing k 1, p 1 for 12 rows.

Break off grey wool, join in white wool.

Work in g-st. (every row knit) in bands of 14 rows white, 16 rows grey, inc. 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 146 sts. on the needle, then inc. twice at beginning and end of every row 5 times (166 sts.). Cont. without shaping until 6 rows of third grey band have been worked.

In the next row k 68 grey, cast off 30 sts., k 68 grey.

In the following row knit in grey, casting on 30 sts. over the 30 cast off sts. Work 8 more rows in grey, 14 rows white, 4 rows grey. Dec. twice (by knitting 2 tog. twice) at each end of the next 5 rows.

Keeping continuity of stripes, dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 6th white stripe from commencement has been worked.

Change to grey wool and k 1 row plain. Work 11 rows in rib k 1, p 1. Cast off in rib.

## COLLAR

With right side of work facing and using crochet hook and grey wool, work 1 d.c. into each stitch around neck, join with a slip-stitch (60 d.c.).

2nd Round: 1 d.c. into each d.c., inc. 2 d.c., evenly spaced, by working 2 d.c. into 1 d.c., join with a slip-stitch. Rep. 2nd round 4 times (72 d.c.). Fasten off.

## TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron press very lightly on the wrong side. Using a flat seam, sew up seams, sewing each stripe with matching wool. Work 2 rounds of d.c. around lower edge of sleeve.





# Young, bright, and cosy

This dramatic red-and-white candy-striped sweater with its "too-big" collar and colossal sash fascinated American women. The gloves, in fine 3-ply wool, are an English import.

*New-Style Handknits*

**Materials:** 7 2oz skeins Lincoln Mills "Thistledown" wool (4 skeins main color, 3 skeins contrast color); 1 pair No. 1 knitting needles; 1 No. 6 Aero crochet hook.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 18 (19½, 21) in.

**Tension:** 3½ sts. and 6 rows to 1 in.

Starting at lower edge of back with main color, cast on 54 (58, 62) sts.

**1st Row:** K. Join on contrast color.

**2nd Row:** Knit.

**3rd Row:** As 2nd row. Using main color, knit 2 rows.

Cont. in this patt. of k 2 rows contrast, 2 rows main until work measures 13 (14, 15) in. Place a marker on work to show commencement of armhole. Cont. in patt. for a further 5 (5½, 6) in., ending with 1st row of contrast color.

**Next Row:** K 12 (14, 16), cast off 30 sts. K 12 (14, 16) sts.

Work 2 rows in main color on last group of sts., leave on holder, breaking off wool.

Work 2 rows of main color on first group of sts., then with contrast color k 12 (14, 16), cast on 30 sts., then k 12 (14, 16) from holder.

Work to correspond with side already worked. Cast off. Join sides as far as mark denoting armholes.

## COLLAR

Using crochet hook and main color, work 30 d.c. across front of neck, 1 d.c. at end, 30 d.c. across back, 1 d.c. at other end, join with sl-st.

**2nd Round:** 2 ch., 1 tr. into

each d.c. of previous round, join with sl-st. to 2nd of 2 ch. at beg. of round.

**Rep.** 2nd round 3 times.

**6th Round:** As 2nd round, working twice into st. at each end of neck. Rep. 6th round twice, break off.

## SASH

**Materials:** 3 2oz. skeins Lincoln Mills "Thistledown" wool. Using No. 1 knitting needles cast on 15 sts.

**1st Row:** K 1, p 1 to last st., k 1.

**Rep.** 1st row until work measures 87in. when stretched slightly. Cast off in patt. Sew a 3in. pompon to each corner.

## KNITTED GLOVES

**Materials:** 2 skeins "Twin-prufe" 3-ply crepe wool (this is the only wool that should be used), shade No. 2389 (spring yellow); 1 pair No. 12 knitting needles; 1 medium-size crochet hook.

**Tension:** 8 sts. to 1in.; 10 rows to 1in.

## RIGHT GLOVE

Using No. 12 needles cast on 50 sts. Work 8 rows st-st. Shape thumb as follows:

**1st Row:** K 26, k 2 twice into each of the next 2 sts., k 22.

**Work** 3 rows st-st., p 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row in between this and every inc. row.

**5th Row:** K 26, k 2 twice into next st., k 2, k 2 twice into next st., k 22.

**9th Row:** K 26, k 2 twice into next st., k 4, k 2 twice into next st., k 22.

**13th Row:** K 26, k 2 twice into next st., k 6, k 2 twice into next st., k 22. Cont. in this way, inc. 2 sts. every 4th row until inc. to 60 sts.

**Next Row:** K 26, sl. next 12



**LACY CROCHET** round the wrist is a pretty trim for these knitted gloves. Worked on two needles in simple stocking-stitch, they take only 2 skeins of wool to make.

sts. on to a thread of wool and leave for thumb. Cast on 4 sts., k 22.

**Next Row:** P 52.

**Work** 18 rows st-st. on these 52 sts.

**1st Finger:** K 33 (leave rem. 19 sts.), turn, cast on 2 sts., p 14. Cont. in st-st. on these 16 sts. for 24in. or required length.

**Next Row:** \* K 2 tog., k 2, rep. from \* to end.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** \* K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.

Break off wool, thread end through darning needle, draw through all sts., and fasten off. Sew up seam.

**2nd Finger:** Pick up and k 2 sts. at base of 1st finger, k 7 sts. from palm of hand, turn, p 9, then p 7 sts. from back of hand. Work as for 1st finger, working for 3in. or required length. Sew up seam.

**3rd Finger:** Pick up and k 2 sts. at base of 2nd finger, k 6 sts. from palm of hand, turn, p 8, then p 6 sts. from back of

Continued on page 23, col. 3

**CANDY-STRIPED SWEATER** is a quick-knit with the "bulky" look. It can be worn for informal occasions, as shown right, or teamed with the pompon sash for casual yet sophisticated charm. Directions in three sizes, 32, 34, and 36in., are given on this page.



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## DRAMATIC CONTRASTS FOR NIGHT AND DAY

● The cherry-red cardigan and the amusing pompon cap are American bulky-knit styles. The fringed fish-net shawl or smart skirt drape is a clever idea from Rome.

### CROCHETED SHAWL

**Materials:** 3 balls Patons "Nimble" knitting wool (this is the only wool which should be used); No. 13 Kuller-skeme crochet hook.

**Measurements:** Width across top, 42in.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; sl-st, slip stitch; h. tr., half treble.

**Tension:** 3 patterns equal 1in. in width.

Make 6 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

**1st Row:** 6 ch., h. tr. into ring, (3 ch., h. tr. into same

ring) twice. Turn with 6 ch.

**2nd Row:** H. tr. into first space \* 3 ch., h. tr. into next space. Repeat from \* to end of row. 3 ch. h. tr. into last space (an increase made). Turn with 6 ch. Repeat 2nd row until 121 rows have been worked from the commencement. Fasten off.

#### TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press very lightly. Make a 4in. fringe on two sides as illustrated.



### CARDIGAN AND POMPON CAP

**BULKY-KNIT** cardigan, directions for which are given in three sizes, can be quickly made. The cap with its peak and pompon finish simulates the "horse-tail" hair fashion.

**Materials:** Patons "Totem" knitting wool, shade No. 9665, cherry, used double throughout. (This is the only wool which should be used.) Size A, 32in. bust, 1lb. 6oz.; B, 34in. bust, 1lb. 9oz.; C, 36in. bust, 1lb. 12oz. One pair of No. 2 knitting needles; 6 large buttons.

**Tension:** 3 sts. to 1in. in width.

**Note:** Back and fronts are made in one piece without side seam. Starting at lower edge, cast on 105 (111-117) sts.

**1st Row:** P 1, \* k 1, p 1, rep. from \* across.

**2nd Row:** K 1, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* across.

Rep. last 2 rows for lin., ending with the 2nd row. Work buttonholes as follows:

**Next Row:** P 1, k 1, cast off 2 sts., work across in ribbing.

**Following Row:** Work across in ribbing, cast on 2 sts. over cast-off. sts. (Note—work 5

more buttonholes, 3½in. apart, along right front edge.) Work even in ribbing for lin. more, ending with 1st row. For moss-stitch pattern, rep. 1st row for 12½in. (13in.-13½in.), or length desired to underarm, ending at buttonhole edge.

#### TO SHAPE ARMHOLES AND NECK

**1st Row:** Work in patt. for 28 (30-32) sts.

**Right Front:** Place remaining sts. on a holder.

**2nd Row:** Cast off 4 sts.

**Underarm:** Work across 24 (26-28) sts. Work even in pattern for 4½in. (5in.-5½in.) more, ending at buttonhole edge.

**Next Row:** Cast off 8 sts. (neck edge), work across. Cast off 1 st. at the neck edge every other row 3 times more, 13 (15-17) sts. Work even until armhole measures 7in. (7½in.-8in.). Cast off in patt.

#### BACK

With right side of work facing, place 48 (51-53) sts. from holder on to needle. Attach wool at underarm. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 41 (43-45) sts., work even until back measures same as front. Cast off in patt. With right side facing, place remaining 28 (30-32) sts. on to a needle for the left front. Attach wool at left underarm.

**1st Row:** Cast off 4 sts., work across. Work as given for right front, reversing neck shaping. Using flat seam sew up shoulder seams.

#### SLEEVES

(Three-quarter length) Pick up 39 (43-47) sts. around armhole. Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at the beg. and end of needle every 9th (10-11) row 4 times, 31 (35-39) sts. Work even for 1½in. Work in ribbing for lin. Cast off in ribbing.

#### NECKBAND

Pick up 46 (50-54) sts. around neck edge. Work in ribbing for lin., ending on the wrong side. Work buttonhole in next row. Work in ribbing for 1½in. more. Cast off in ribbing.

#### TO MAKE UP

With a flat seam sew up sleeve seams. With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press very lightly on the wrong side. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

#### POMPON CAP

Commencing at lower edge cast on 56 sts. Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2 for 1½in.

**Next Row:** (K 2 tog.) 28 times (28 sts.). Do not cast off, break wool, leaving a 12in. end. Thread this end to needle and run wool through each st. on needle; remove needle, pull wool firmly and fasten off securely on the wrong side. Make pompon and fasten to cap.



**FISHING NET** was the inspiration for this fashion notion from Rome. Picture shows how the triangular shawl is mounted over a skirt with a brilliantly colored fish motif applique. The model also shows a matching shawl which can be worn over the shoulders or over the head as desired. Directions for the crocheted shawl are given above.





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# Duffle jackets

Smartly styled and beautifully knitted in soft, thick, thistle-down yarn, the duffle jackets illustrated on these pages are for mother-and-daughter wear.

**THE originals were** knitted in creamy white wool, but use your own choice as to color.

### ADULT'S JACKET

Materials: 18 2oz skeins Lincoln Mills "Thistle-down" wool; 1 pr. No. 6 needles; 1 wooden log button.

Measurements: To fit 38in. bust (actual measurement); length from top of shoulder, 26in.; sleeve seam, 16in.

Tension: 41 sts. and 7 rows, 1in.

### BACK

Cast on 91 sts.  
1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. Now commence patt.

1st Row: P 3, (k 1, p 3) to end of row.

2nd Row: K 3, (p 1, k 3) to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: P 1, (k 1, p 3) to last 2 sts., k 1, p 1.

6th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 3) to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

Rep. 5th and 6th rows once.

These 8 rows complete patt.

Cont. in patt. until 92nd row above ribbing is complete.

Armhole Shaping: Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row following until 67 sts. rem.

Cont. without further shaping until there are 46 rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of next 4 rows and 7 sts. at the beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

### RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 51 sts.  
1st Row: K 4, (p 1, k 1) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) to last 5 sts., k 5.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. Now commence patt.

1st Row: K 4, (p 3, k 1) to last 3 sts., p 3.

2nd Row: (K 3, p 1) to last 7 sts., k 7.

Keeping continuity of patt. as for back, with a border of 4 garter-sts. at front edge, continue until 93rd row above ribbing is complete.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next row, then dec. 1 at same edge of next and every alt. row following until 39 sts. rem. and 13th row is complete.

Commence collar:

14th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 3, patt. 34.

15th Row: Patt. 34, k 6.

16th Row: K 6, patt. 34.

17th Row: Patt. 33, k 3 (inc. 1) 3 times, k 1.

18th Row: K 10, patt. 33.

19th Row: Patt. 33, k 10.

20th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 2, (inc. 1) twice, k 5, patt. 32.

21st Row: Patt. 32, k 14.

22nd Row: K 14, patt. 32.

23rd Row: Patt. 31, k 7 (inc. 1) twice, k 4, inc. 1, k 1.

24th Row: K 18, patt. 31.

25th Row: Patt. 31, k 18.

26th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 6, (inc. 1) twice, k 9, patt. 30.

27th Row: Patt. 30, k 22.

28th Row: K 22, patt. 30.

29th Row: Patt. 29, k 11, (inc. 1) twice, k 8, inc. 1, k 1.

30th Row: K 26, patt. 29.

31st Row: Patt. 29, k 26.

32nd Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 10

(inc. 1) twice, k 13, patt. 28.

33rd Row: Patt. 28, k 30.

34th Row: K 30, patt. 28.

35th Row: Patt. 27, k 15

(inc. 1) twice, k 12, inc. 1, k 1.

36th Row: K 34, patt. 27.

37th Row: Patt. 27, k 34.

38th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 14, (inc. 1) twice, k 17, patt. 26.

39th Row: K 26, k 38.

40th Row: K 38, patt. 27.

41st Row: Patt. 25, k 19, (inc. 1) twice, k 16, inc. 1, k 1.

42nd Row: K 42, patt. 25.

43rd Row: Patt. 25, k 42.

44th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 18, (inc. 1) twice, k 21, patt. 24.

45th Row: K 24, k 46.

46th Row: K 46, patt. 24.

Shoulder Shaping—1st Row: Cast off 8 sts., patt. 15, k 23.

(inc. 1) twice, k 20, inc. 1, k 1.

2nd Row: K 50, patt. 15.

3rd Row: Cast off 8 sts., patt. 7, k 50.

4th Row: K 50, patt. 7.

5th Row: Cast off 7, k 50.

Cont. on these 50 sts. for collar thus:

1st and 2nd Rows: K to last 5 sts., turn.

3rd Row: K to end.

4th Row: K all stitches.

Rep. 4th row twice.

Rep. these last 6 rows until 29th row is worked. Cast off.

### LEFT FRONT

Cast on 51 sts.

1st Row: K 1, (k 1, p 1) to last 4 sts., k 4.

2nd Row: K 5, (p 1, k 1) to end of row.

Complete to correspond with side already worked, commencing armhole shaping after 92nd row above ribbing.

### SLEEVES

Cast on 47 sts.

1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Now work in patt. as for

Continued opposite page



FRONT VIEW of duffle jacket is shown on the model above. The actual bust measurement of the jacket is 38 inches, but since the "too big" bulky-knits are fashion news, smaller sizes can wear this fleecy handknit becomingly.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 17, 1954



## New-Style Handknits

### GIRL'S JACKET

Materials: 9 2oz. skeins Lincoln Mills "Thistledown" wool; 1 pr. No. 6 needles; 1 wooden log button.

Measurements: To fit 28-29in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 17in.; sleeve seam, 11in.

Tension: 44 sts. and 7 rows, 4in.

#### BACK

Cast on 67 sts.  
1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Now commence patt.

1st Row: P 3, (k 1, p 3) to end of row.

2nd Row: K 3, (p 1, k 3) to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: P 1, (k 1, p 3) to last 2 sts., k 1, p 1.

6th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 3) to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

Rep. 5th and 6th rows once.

These eight rows complete patt.

Cont. in patt. until 68th row above ribbing is complete.

**Armhole Shaping**—Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row following until 51 sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until there are 34 rows in armhole.

**Shoulder Shaping**—Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows and 8 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

#### RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 39 sts.

1st Row: K 4, (p 1, k 1) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) to last 4 sts., k 4.

Rep. these 2 rows twice.

Now commence patt.

1st Row: K 4, (p 3, k 1) to last 3 sts., p 3.

2nd Row: (K 3, p 1) to last 7 sts., k 7.

Keeping continuity of patt. as for back with a border of 4 garter-sts. at front edge, cont. until 69th row above ribbing is complete.

**Armhole Shaping**—Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at same edge of next and every alt. row until 51 sts. rem. and 9th row of armhole is complete.

Commence collar:

10th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 3, patt. to end.

11th Row: Patt. 26, k 6.

### Adult's Jacket

from page 20

back, inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every 6th row following until there are 69 sts. on needle, then without further shaping until there are 92 rows above ribbing.

**Armhole Shaping**—Still keeping continuity of patt., dec. 1 st. at each end of 1st and every alt. row following until 19 sts. rem., then each end of every row until 27 sts. rem. Cast off.

#### POCKETS

Cast on 34 sts. and k 6 rows.

7th Row: K 4, (p 3, k 1) to last 7 sts., p 3, k 4.

8th Row: K 4, (k 3, p 1) to last 7 sts., k 7.

Keeping a border of 4 garter-sts. at each end, work in patt. as for back until 38th row from cast-on is complete. K 5 rows. Cast off.

#### TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Join collar at centre back, and stitch to neck. Sew pockets into position. Make a frog fastening as given for girl's jacket and sew on to front. Press carefully.



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12th Row: K 1, (inc. 1) 3 times, k 3, patt. 25.

13th Row: Patt. 25, k 10.

14th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 2, (inc. 1) twice, k 5, patt. 24.

15th Row: Patt. 24, k 14.

16th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 4 (inc. 1) twice, k 7, patt. 23.

17th Row: Patt. 23, k 18.

18th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 6, (inc. 1) twice, k 9, patt. 22.

19th Row: Patt. 22, k 22.

20th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 8 (inc. 1) twice, k 11, patt. 21.

21st Row: Patt. 21, k 26.

22nd Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 10 (inc. 1) twice, k 13, patt. 20.

23rd Row: Patt. 20, k 30.

24th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 12 (inc. 1) twice, k 15, patt. 19.

25th Row: Patt. 19, k 34.

26th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 14 (inc. 1) twice, k 17, patt. 18.

27th Row: Patt. 18, k 38.

28th Row: K 1, inc. 1, k 16 (inc. 1) twice, k 19, patt. 17.

Cont. without further shaping until there are 34 rows in armhole.

**Shoulder Shaping**—1st Row: Cast off 9 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to end.

3rd Row: Cast off 8 sts., work to end.

Cont. on rem. collar sts. thus—

1st and 2nd Rows: K to last 5 sts., turn.

3rd Row: K to end of row.

4th Row: K across all sts.

Rep. 4th row twice.

Rep. last 6 rows twice, then rows 1-3 once. Cast off.

#### LEFT FRONT

Cast on 39 sts.

1st Row: K 1, (k 1, p 1) to last 4 sts., k 4.

2nd Row: K 4, (k 1, p 1) to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Now commence patt.

1st Row: P 3, (k 1, p 3) to last 4 sts., k 4.

2nd Row: K 7, (p 1, k 3) to end of row.

Complete to correspond with right front, commencing arm-

hole shaping after 68th row above ribbing.

#### SLEEVES

Cast on 31 sts.

1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Work in patt. as given for back, inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every 6th row following until there are 47 sts. on needle and then without further shaping until there are 60 rows above ribbing.

**Armhole Shaping**—Still working in patt., dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row following until 29 sts. rem., then each end of every row until 17 sts. rem. Cast off.

#### POCKETS

Cast on 23 sts. K 6 rows.

7th Row: K 4, (p 3, k 1) to last 7 sts., p 3, k 4.

8th Row: K 4, (k 3, p 1) to last 7 sts., k 7.

Keeping a border of 4 garter-sts. at each end, work in patt. to correspond with back until 30th row from cast-on is complete.

K 5 rows. Cast off.

#### TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Join collar pieces at centre back and stitch along back of neck. Sew pockets into position. Press all sections very lightly. Cut 8 lengths of wool 56in. long, twist tightly, and fold in half to form cord.

Make into frog with button-loop and sew on to right front, make a second cord with 8 strands 8in. long, and sew on left front opposite frog.

Crochet cover for button thus—

15 ch., \* using last 2 ch. as 1 d.c., work 1 d.c. into each of 13 ch. \* 2 ch., turn. Rep. from \* to \* 5 times. Join lengthwise, slip button inside, and join ends neatly. Sew button to cord on left side.

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# Elegant evening blouse

Glittering rhinestones decorate the heart-shaped neckline and ruched elbow-length sleeves of this honeycomb-pattern blouse. Directions given for sizes 32, 34, and 36in.

**Materials:** 10 (12, 14) skeins F. W. Hughes "Twinprufe" crochet wool; 1 pair each No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles; 1 No. 9 double-pointed needle; medium-size crochet hook; 4 dozen rhinestone buttons; tapestry needle.

**Tension:** 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1in. Directions are for 32in., changes for sizes 34in. and 36in. are given in parentheses.

**Pattern:** Multiple of 12 sts., plus 8.

**1st Row:** \* sl. 2 sts. on to d.p. needle and hold in front of work, k 2 sts., k the 2 sts. from d.p. needle, sl. next 2 sts. on to d.p. needle and hold at back of work, k 2 sts., k the 2 sts. from d.p. needle, k 4, rep. from \* omitting the k 4 at the end of row.

**2nd and Alternate Rows:** Purl.

**3rd Row:** \* sl. 2 sts. on to d.p. needle and hold at back of work, k 2 sts., k the 2 sts. on to d.p. needle and hold in front of work, k 2 sts., k the 2 sts. from d.p. needle, k 4, rep. from \* omitting the k 4 at the end of row.

**5th Row:** K 6, \* sl. next 2 sts. on to d.p. needle and hold in front of work, k 2 sts., k 2 sts. from d.p. needle, sl. next 2 sts. on to d.p. needle and hold at back of work, k 2 sts., k the 2 sts. from d.p. needle, k 4, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., k 2.

**7th Row:** K 6, \* sl. 2 sts. on to d.p. needle and hold at back of work, k 2 sts., k the 2 sts. from d.p. needle, sl. next 2 sts. on to d.p. needle and hold in front of work, k 2 sts., k the 2 sts. from d.p. needle, k 4, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., k 4.

rep. from \* to last 2 sts., k 2.

**8th Row:** Purl.

Rep. these 8 rows for patt. **Note:** Work a small swatch or section to familiarise yourself with patt. before attempting to inc. or dec.

## BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 110 (120, 130) sts. K 2, p 2, in ribbing for 2 1/2in. Inc. 6 (8, 10) sts. in last row. Change to No. 9 needles. **Note:** Allowance has been made for st. to draw in. Start patt. on 116 (128, 140) sts. Inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row, 6 times. Work even in patt. on 128 (140, 152) sts. until back measures 11 (11 1/2, 12) in. from start or desired length to underarm.

**Shape Armholes:** Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row, 6 times. Work even in patt. on 104 (116, 128) sts. until armholes measure 6 1/2 (6 3/4, 7) in. from first cast-off.

**Shape Neck:** Work across 32 (36, 40) sts., sl. these sts. on a holder, cast off centre 40 (44, 48) sts., work across rem. 32 (36, 40) sts. Working on one side, dec. 1 st. at neck edge, every row, 4 times.

**Shape Shoulder:** Cast off 7 (8, 9) sts. at armhole side, 4 times. Join wool to sts. on holder, work to correspond to other side.

## FRONT

Work same as for back until armholes measure 2 (2 1/2, 3) in. from first cast-off.

**Shape Neck:** Work across 52 (58, 64) sts., sl. these sts. on a holder, work across rem. 52 (58, 64) sts. Work even on one

side for 1in. Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge, 3 times. Cast off 10 (12, 14) sts. at neck edge. Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge, 4 times. Work even on 28 (32, 36) sts. until armhole measures 7 (7 1/2, 7 3/4) in. from first cast-off.

**Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 7 (8, 9) sts. at armhole side, 4 times. Join wool to sts. on holder, work to correspond to other side.

## SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles, cast on 80 (92, 104) sts. Work even in patt. for 2in. Inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row, 10 times. Work even on 100 (112, 124) sts. until sleeve measures 11 (11 1/2, 12) in. from start or desired length for 1/2 sleeve.

**Shape Cuff:** Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every row until 58 (60, 62) sts. rem. Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

Sew side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Work 2 rows d.c. around neck edge. Gather up sleeves, sew on rhinestone buttons as pictured on gathering. Sew buttons around neck edge.

## KNITTED GLOVES from page 18

hand. Work in st-st. on these 14 sts. for 2 1/2in. or required length.

**Next Row:** K 2, \* k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from \* to end.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** K 1, \* k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.

Fasten off as for 1st finger and sew up seam.

**4th Finger:** Pick up and k 1

st. at base of 3rd finger, k 6, turn, p 7, p 6. Work in st-st. on these 13 sts. for 2in. or required length.

**Next Row:** K 1, \* k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from \* to end.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** \* K 2 tog., rep. from \* to end. Fasten off as for 1st finger. Sew up seam.

**Thumb:** P the 12 sts. for thumb, then pick up and p 4 sts. at base of 1st finger. Work in st-st. for 2in. or required length. Shape the top the same as for 1st finger and fasten off. Sew up seam.

Sew up side seam and crochet border as follows:

**EVENING BLOUSE** featuring the sweetheart neckline and (inset) section enlargement of the honeycomb pattern.

Work 1 round of d.c. along lower edge of gloves.

**Next Round:** \* 1 ltr. into 1st d.c., 3 ch., 1 ltr. into same d.c., 3 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 2 ltr. into next d.c., 3 ch., 2 ltr. into same d.c., miss 2 d.c., 3 ch., rep. from \* to end. Work 3 ch.

**Next Round:** \* 1 d.c. into 3 ch. between each of the 1 ltr., 1 ch., (1 ltr. 1 ch.) 6 times between each of the 2 ltr., rep. from \* to end.

**Next Round:** \* (1 d.c., 1 tr., 1 d.c.) into each of the ch. between the ltr., rep. from \* to end. Fasten off.

New Style Handknits



st. at base of 3rd finger, k 6, turn, p 7, p 6. Work in st-st. on these 13 sts. for 2in. or required length.

**Next Row:** K 1, \* k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from \* to end.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Next Row:** \* K 2 tog., rep. from \* to end. Fasten off as for 1st finger. Sew up seam.

**Thumb:** P the 12 sts. for thumb, then pick up and p 4 sts. at base of 1st finger. Work in st-st. for 2in. or required length. Shape the top the same as for 1st finger and fasten off. Sew up seam.

Sew up side seam and crochet border as follows:

Work 1 round of d.c. along lower edge of gloves.

**Next Round:** \* 1 ltr. into 1st d.c., 3 ch., 1 ltr. into same d.c., 3 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 2 ltr. into next d.c., 3 ch., 2 ltr. into same d.c., miss 2 d.c., 3 ch., rep. from \* to end. Work 3 ch.

**Next Round:** \* 1 d.c. into 3 ch. between each of the 1 ltr., 1 ch., (1 ltr. 1 ch.) 6 times between each of the 2 ltr., rep. from \* to end.

**Next Round:** \* (1 d.c., 1 tr., 1 d.c.) into each of the ch. between the ltr., rep. from \* to end. Fasten off.

## LEFT GLOVE

Using No. 12 needles cast on 50 sts. Work 8 rows st-st. Shape thumb as follows:

**1st Row:** K 22, k twice into each of the next 2 sts., k 26.

Work 3 rows st-st. in between this and every inc. row.

**5th Row:** K 22, k twice into next st., k 2, k twice into next st., k 26. Cont. in this way, inc. 2 sts. every 4th row until inc. to 60 sts.

**Next Row:** K 22, sl. next 12 sts. on to thread of wool and leave for thumb, cast on 4 sts., k 26. Cont. as for right glove.

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FRENCH MANNEQUIN models this ski blouse with its spectacular Lapland stag motifs on the circular yoke which is patterned to resemble peasant-style embroidery. Directions are given below for sizes 32, 34, and 36.

## Paris sports blouse

The cosy and decorative blouse illustrated above was chosen from a collection of Fair Isle handknits created by a French designer for snow-country wear.

**THE** Fair Isle pattern can be worked by any knitter. It's just a matter of following the directions and keeping to the specified tension.

Directions are given for three sizes.

**Materials:** Villawool "Star-lite" crepe wool (this is the only wool which should be used); size A—11oz. beige shade No. 221; sizes B or C—12oz. beige; all sizes—2oz. blue No. 136, 1oz. red No. 89, 1oz. maroon No. 95, 1oz. gold No. 24; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 long knitting needles; medium crochet hook; 9 buttons.

**Measurements:** Size A, 32in. bust; size B, 34in. bust; size C, 36in. bust. (Instructions are for size B; changes for sizes A and C are given in parentheses.)

**Tension:** 7 sts., lin.; 9 rows, 1in.

**Abbreviations:** B., beige; bl., blue; r., red; m., maroon; g., gold.

### BACK

With No. 10 needles and b. wool cast on 116 sts. (A-110, C-122) and work in st-st., commencing with a k row.

When work measures 34in. change to No. 12 needles and work 14 rows.

Change back to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures 13in. (A-124, C-13).

Shape armholes thus: Cast off 5 sts. (A-4, C-6) at beg. of next 2 rows. Then k 2 tog. at beg. and end of next 7 rows (A-5, C-9), p next row. Leave rem. 92 sts. on spare needle.

### RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles and b. wool cast on 64 sts. (A-61, C-67) and work in st-st. for 34in.

Change to No. 12 needles and work for 14 rows.

Change back to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures 13in. (A-124, C-13).

Shape armholes same as for back and leave rem. 52 sts. on spare needle.

### LEFT FRONT

With No. 10 needles and b. wool cast on 68 sts. (A-65, C-71) and work to correspond with right front with shaping on opposite side.

Leave rem. 56 sts. on spare needle.

### SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and b. wool cast on 54 sts. (A-50, C-56) and rib k 1, p 1 for 34in.

Change to No. 10 needles and k 1 row, inc. sts. evenly

**New-Sale Handknits**

along row to 64 sts. (A-60, C-68). P 1 row.

Work 2 more rows in st-st., then start Fair Isle patt., working in st-st. for remainder of sleeve.

1st Row: \* 1 bl., 1 b., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

2nd Row: \* 1 bl., 1 g., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

3rd Row: \* 1 r., 1 g., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

4th Row: \* 1 r., 1 b., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

5th Row: \* 1 bl., 1 b., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

6th Row: \* 1 bl., 1 g., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

7th Row: \* 1 m., 1 g., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

Now work 3 rows b.

Then work from 7th row back to 1st row.

Using b. wool only, cont. in

st-st, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of next k row and every following 6th row until there are 100 sts. (A-96, C-106) on needle.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 174in. (A-174, C-18) or length required.

Shape cap thus: With right side of work facing cast off 5 sts. (A-5, C-6) at beg. of next 2 rows.

Then k 2 tog. at beg. and end of next 7 rows (A-5, C-9), leaving 76 sts.

Purl 1 row and leave sts. on spare needle.

### YOKE

Using No. 10 needles place all sts. on one needle left front, sleeve, back, sleeve then right front (352 sts.). With right side of work facing, k 1 row, p 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row (C-st. for 4 more rows).

Then commence patt.:

1st Row: \* 1 b., 1 bl., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

2nd Row: \* 1 g., 1 bl., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

3rd Row: \* 1 g., 1 m., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

4th Row: \* 1 b., 1 m., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

5th Row: \* 1 b., 1 r., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

6th Row: \* 1 g., 1 r., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

7th Row: \* 1 g., 1 bl., \* rep.

from \* to \* to end.

8th, 9th and 10th Rows:

Beige.

11th Row: 8 b., \* 2 bl., 1 b.,

2 bl., 2 b., 2 bl., 1 b., 2 bl.,

9 b., \* rep. from \* to \* till 8

rem., 8 b.

12th Row: 18 b., \* 1 bl., 2

b., 1 bl., 1 b., 2 b., 1 bl.,

10 b., \* rep. from \* to \* end-

ing with 8 b.

13th Row: 8 b., \* 1 bl., 2 b.,

1 bl., 3 b., 1 bl., 2 b., 1 bl.,

2 b., 1 bl., 1 b., 1 bl., 5 b., \*

rep. from \* to \* till 8 rem., 8 b.

14th Row: 14 b., \* 1 bl.,

4 b., 1 bl., 1 b., 1 bl., 3 b., 1 bl.,

2 b., 1 bl., 6 b., \* rep. from

\* to \* till 2 rem., 2 b.

15th Row: 8 b., \* 2 bl., 1 b.,

1 bl., 3 b., 1 bl., 1 b., 1 bl., 3

b., 1 bl., 1 b., 1 bl., 5 b., \*

rep. from \* to \* till 2 rem., 2 b.

Continued on page 61

## NOT HALF-SAFE



Sydney, August, 1953. Betty James of Sydney says, "I like to have plenty of beams and dates, and a girl doesn't get them if she's half-safe. That's why I use a deodorant that stops my perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Kill odor instantly, safely, surely, better than anything else I've found. How about you? Don't risk half-safe deodorants. Stop both perspiration and odor with Arrid. This new cream deodorant stops perspiration itself—keeps underarms dry and sweet. So, Arrid saves your clothes from ugly stains and clinging odor. Arrid kills odor instantly—keeps you showerbath fresh up to 48 hours. Safe for skin—safe for fabrics. Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant—Arrid—and be sure!



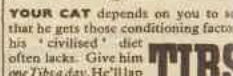
100 MISS MY DAILY TIBS—IT'S WEEKS SINCE MY MISSES GAVE ME ANY



WHY THERE'S A PACKET IN HER CUPBOARD—I'VE SEEN IT—TELL YOU WHAT, GO TO THE CUPBOARD AND NEW EVERY DAY!



A MONTH LATER IT WORKED! SHE NEVER MISSES A DAY NOW TIBS



YOUR CAT depends on you to see that he gets those conditioning factors his 'civilised' diet often lacks. Give him one Tibs a day. He'll lap it up—and how he'll reward you with his playful, purring ways. KITTENISH TIBS CAT POWDERS. A Rob Martin Product. Australian Agents: SALMOND & FRASER (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 1 Park Street, South Sydney



15 hairsets for 3/6 QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlypet for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

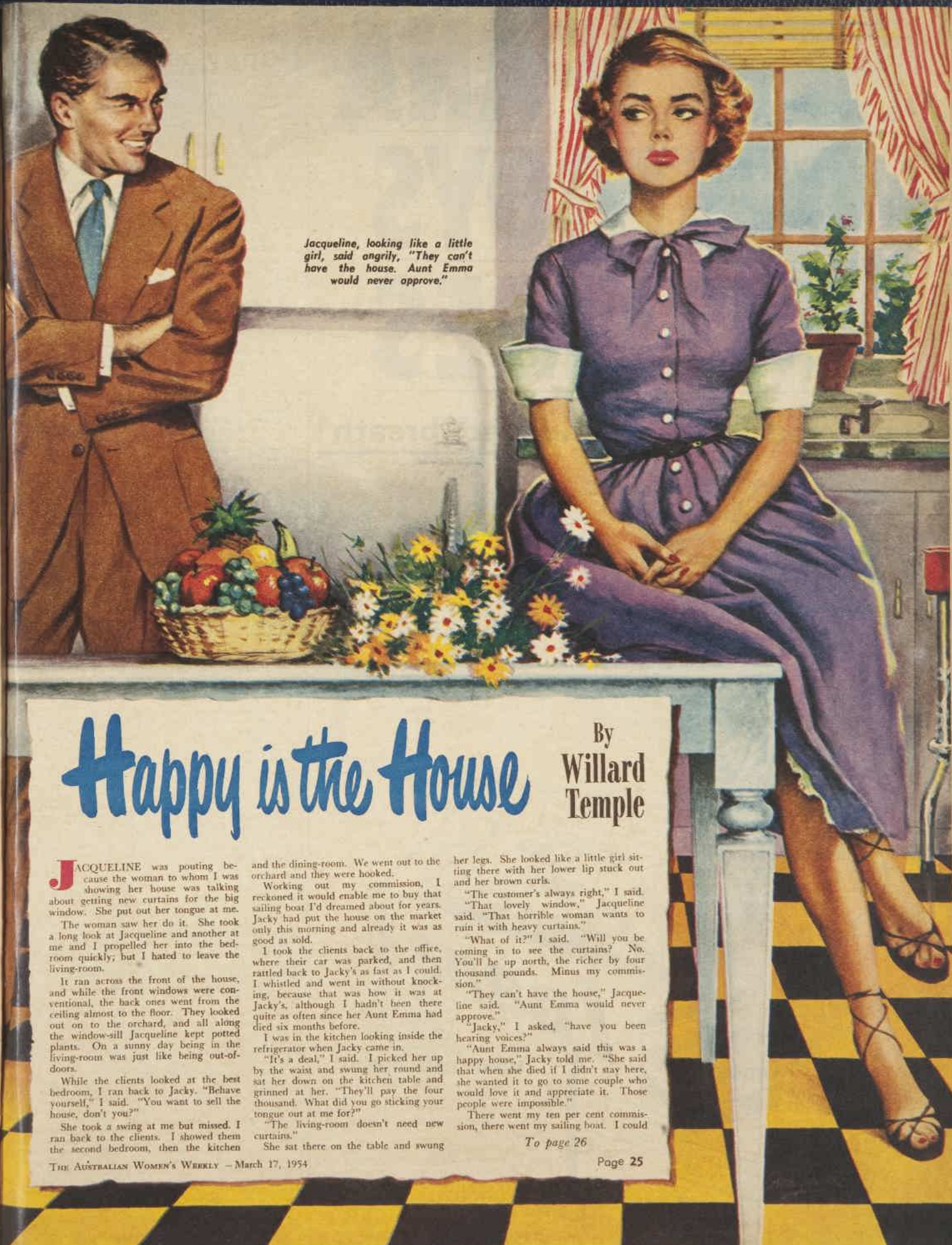
QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET CN3

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 17, 1954

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Jacqueline, looking like a little girl, said angrily, "They can't have the house. Aunt Emma would never approve."

# Happy is the House

By Willard Temple

**J**ACQUELINE was pouting because the woman to whom I was showing her house was talking about getting new curtains for the big window. She put out her tongue at me.

The woman saw her do it. She took a long look at Jacqueline and another at me and I propelled her into the bedroom quickly; but I hated to leave the living-room.

It ran across the front of the house, and while the front windows were conventional, the back ones went from the ceiling almost to the floor. They looked out on to the orchard, and all along the window-sill Jacqueline kept potted plants. On a sunny day being in the living-room was just like being out-of-doors.

While the clients looked at the best bedroom, I ran back to Jacky. "Behave yourself," I said. "You want to sell the house, don't you?"

She took a swing at me but missed. I ran back to the clients. I showed them the second bedroom, then the kitchen

and the dining-room. We went out to the orchard and they were hooked.

Working out my commission, I reckoned it would enable me to buy that sailing boat I'd dreamed about for years. Jacky had put the house on the market only this morning and already it was as good as sold.

I took the clients back to the office, where their car was parked, and then rattled back to Jacky's as fast as I could. I whistled and went in without knocking, because that was how it was at Jacky's, although I hadn't been there quite as often since her Aunt Emma had died six months before.

I was in the kitchen looking inside the refrigerator when Jacky came in.

"It's a deal," I said. I picked her up by the waist and swung her round and sat her down on the kitchen table and grinned at her. "They'll pay the four thousand. What did you go sticking your tongue out at me for?"

"The living-room doesn't need new curtains."

She sat there on the table and swung

her legs. She looked like a little girl sitting there with her lower lip stuck out and her brown curls.

"The customer's always right," I said.

"That lovely window," Jacqueline said. "That horrible woman wants to ruin it with heavy curtains."

"What of it?" I said. "Will you be coming in to see the curtains? No. You'll be up north, the richer by four thousand pounds. Minus my commission."

"They can't have the house," Jacqueline said. "Aunt Emma would never approve."

"Jacky," I asked, "have you been hearing voices?"

"Aunt Emma always said this was a happy house," Jacky told me. "She said that when she died if I didn't stay here, she wanted it to go to some couple who would love it and appreciate it. Those people were impossible."

There went my ten per cent commission, there went my sailing boat. I could

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# NEW IPANA DESTROYS ENZYMES

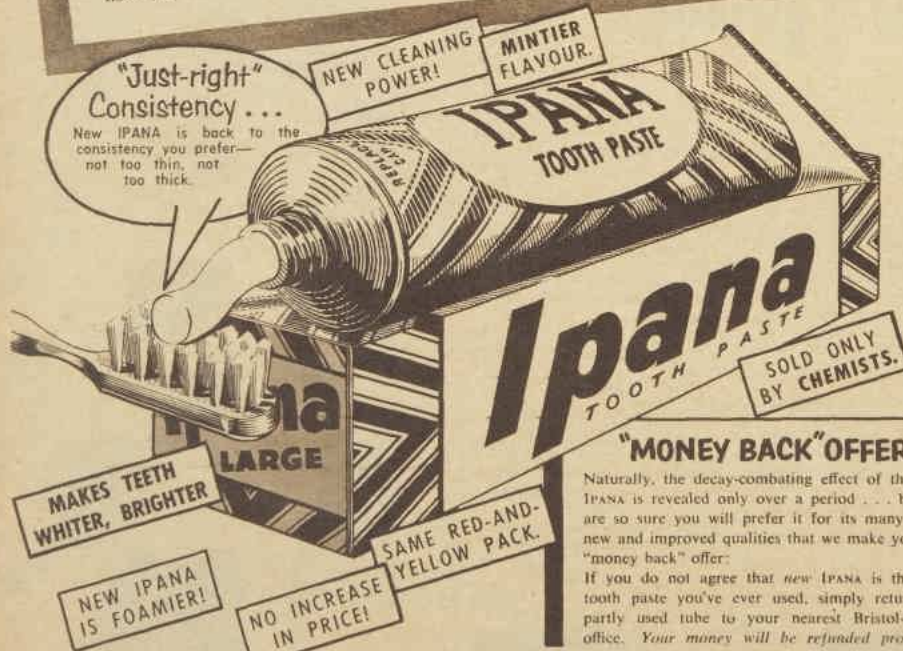
that cause decay and bad breath!

What are ENZYMES?  
Why should you fight them?  
Here are the facts . . .  
in plain language.

The combating of ENZYMES is being given tremendous importance in America to-day both by the dental profession and the press. You may have read articles in American magazines about the new dentifrices that have been produced to combat these enzymes. What are enzymes? Enzymes are formed by the bacteria present in everyone's mouth. When bacteria act on the food you eat, their enzymes produce mouth acids. This causes tooth decay. Enzymes also help produce unpleasant mouth odour. Dental scientists now say that much tooth decay (and bad

breath as well) may be stopped by checking bacterial enzymes. That is the reason why new IPANA has been produced with a scientifically approved anti-enzyme formula. Brushing teeth regularly after eating—the way your dentist recommends—with IPANA removes the acid-producing bacterial enzymes that cause decay and bad breath. New IPANA is so effective that each brushing not only helps stop tooth decay—it stops most unpleasant mouth odour, even after eating.

Don't forget your gums—they're important, too. Brushing teeth with new anti-enzyme IPANA—from gum margins towards biting edges—helps remove irritants that lead to gum troubles.



Naturally, the decay-combating effect of the new IPANA is revealed only over a period . . . but we are so sure you will prefer it for its many other new and improved qualities that we make you this "money back" offer: If you do not agree that new IPANA is the best tooth paste you've ever used, simply return the partly used tube to your nearest Bristol-Myers office. Your money will be refunded promptly.

NEW IPANA IS A PRODUCT OF THE LABORATORIES OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Continuing . . .

## Happy is the House

from page 25

have spanked her sitting there so snugly on the table.

"You know how I felt about Aunt Emma," I said. "The salt of the earth. All the good times we had here, all the hospitality she offered me."

She didn't say a word, but her eyes glittered and she looked angrier than ever. "I won't sell to them and that's flat," she said. "Bring another pasty-faced, overdressed couple like that and I won't even open the front door."

"I might have known it," I said. "With you there have to be complications. I give up. Give me specifications for the clients you'll accept."

"Just nice, happy people."

There was nothing I could do about it. I felt sorry for Jacky. She was a lonely girl since her aunt had died. Why she had stayed on so long I didn't know. She had relatives up north.

I said good-bye, drove back to my office and phoned the clients. Could I tell them Jacky wouldn't sell because they would put unsuitable curtains across the windows? I said I was so sorry Miss Bennett had taken the house off the market.

I went home and changed my clothes, then picked up Joan. Joan was a blonde girl who was yearning to become a film star. She was just filling in time with me until someone better came along. If I ever sold Joan a house, it would have to have a swimming-pool.

We went to the pictures, then had a meal. Joan seemed a little low. I took her home and she said, "I get sick of my room and my job! It would be nice to have a home of my own."

I got the idea sitting there beside her in the car. I hadn't thought about marrying Joan because I didn't think she was available. But it looked tonight as though she were weakening.

There went my sailing boat, my new car, my next suit of clothes if I bought Jacky's house.

"I want to show you something," I said. "Tomorrow morning. It'll keep till then." I kissed her good-night and went back home trying to picture her in the house.

When I got to my office next morning I already had a client. I smelled pipe smoke first, then looked up to see a sports jacketed young fellow about my age.

He told me he had been living in a hotel for six months and was tired of it. He wanted a house. Money didn't seem to be much of an obstacle. He was a client to wrap tenderly in tissue-paper. I took him outside, but after one look at my car, he suggested tactfully that he preferred driving; if I didn't mind we'd go in his car.

It turned out to be a sports car a quarter of a mile long, and I gave him the full treatment reserved for Eastern merchant princes and maharajahs. I showed him houses in the mansion class, but he only sucked his pipe and looked bored.

He shook his head. "No charm," he said. "No personality."

I sat in the car and looked at his profile, wondering if he would meet Jacqueline's specifications. "I've got one more house," I said. "It's small. But it has personality."

I directed him and we pulled up at Jacky's.

I knocked on the door and Jacky opened it. She had a scarf wound round her head and the vacuum-cleaner was humming.

"You didn't ring up," she yelled. "Goodness knows, you've been an estate agent long enough to realise that you should always ring up."

"You want to sell your house, don't you?" I said. "We weren't near a telephone."

Mr. Phillips made a little bow. "I'm dreadfully sorry," he said. "I wouldn't think of intruding."

Jacky gaped at him and invited us in. The rear window stopped Phillips like a bullet. He stood and looked at it, surveyed the room, then turned to Jacky.

"You must be an interior decorator," he said.

The way Jacky looked at him you'd have thought she was a kitten and he'd thrown her a fish. You could almost hear her purr. Phillips went through the house, and didn't give me a chance to make any sales talk. He made it.

Finally he said: "Miss Bennett, it's a rare thing to find such taste and charm in a small house. A flawless gem."

Jacky looked at me. "I hope you're taking notes," she said.

I made a remark, but nobody heard me. They didn't seem to require my presence, so I went out into the kitchen and ate an apple. I thought that if I bought the house I'd get Joan; if Phillips bought the house I'd get my boat.

I laid the apple core on the draining-board and went back to the living-room. Mr. Phillips said, "I'm very much interested, Miss Bennett. May I let you know?"

Jacky said she would be absolutely delighted.

Phillips dropped me at my office, and I went inside to find a couple waiting to see me. They had a small boy with them aged about five. He had a lollipop in his mouth and his father perched him on my desk.

The child put sticky fingers all over my papers. I smiled and said he was a dear little boy. He tore up a lease I had just drawn up and I laughed about that. The things you have to do in business!

They wanted a house, two bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, kitchen and bathroom. I gave Jacky a ring.

"David here," I said. "I have a nice couple I think would be happy in your happy house."

We drove out in my car. The couple sat at the back, the small boy in front with me. He punched the horn button and kicked my shins, and pulled my hat over my eyes.

After I'd introduced them to Jacky, we went inside. The small boy put the lollipop down on the sofa. Jacky gestured at his rear with a fly-swatter, but lost her nerve at the last minute. I decided to take a leaf out of Phillips' book.

I took off my hat and indicated the room with a sweeping gesture.

"It's tiny," I declaimed, "but a flawless gem."

The clients looked impressed. Jacky had a choking fit and ran into the kitchen.

I showed the people over the house. They went out to the orchard and I came back to the living-room and sat down on the sofa. Jacky giggled. I didn't know why.

"I've got one more client," I said. "I'll be back as soon as I get rid of these people."

They came back then, and I got up. It was an effort getting up. I supposed it was because the sofa was a low one, but it had never bothered me before. Then Jacky giggled again, and suddenly the small boy said: "Hey, gimme back my lollipop," and snatched it off the seat of my trousers.

"I'm sure David will buy you another one," Jacky said.

I took the clients back to the office and left them to think it over. The small boy sat in my lap on the way back and held

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**"Naturally, we both fly...**

**A.N.A. 'Skychief', of course!"**

Like many wives, I have a husband whose business takes him around Australia. The family would see precious little of him if it weren't for air travel. Why, he's actually conducted business in two capital cities in a single day and been back home with us the same evening!

I go interstate with George when I can and, believe me, we wouldn't travel any other way. A.N.A. service is so helpful and those wonderful girls, the hostesses, go to endless trouble to make us feel welcome guests.

Now the "Skychiefs", with their pressurised and air-conditioned cabins are in service, A.N.A. travel is the last word in comfort... like relaxing in a luxury hotel lounge and being whisked to your destination by Aladdin's pet "genie"! Frankly, I can't understand why some women still hesitate to fly.



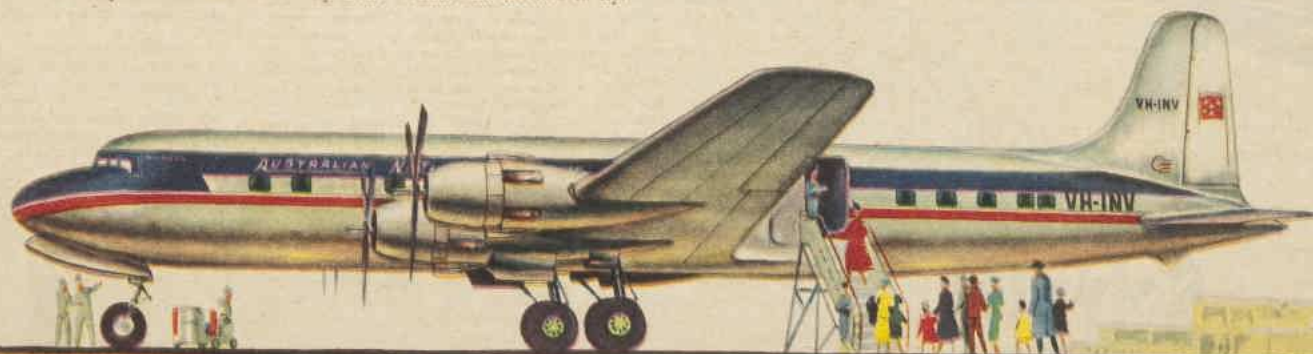
"Skychief" seats are extra wide and super soft, with touch-button adjustment to any angle. Panoramic windows are frost and fog proof. Complete air conditioning gives a change of air every 3 minutes and pressurisation of the sealed cabin maintains comfortable sea level pressure at 8,000 feet.



A.N.A.'s justly famous hostess service is at its hospitable best on the "Skychief". Three hostesses attend to your every want — from supplying magazines, drinks, writing materials, rugs and pillows to serving tea and delicious meals with the compliments of A.N.A.



The up-to-date design of the Douglas Super D.C.6 "Skychief" includes the provision of a Club Lounge, separate from the main cabin. Seating six in spacious comfort, the Club Lounge has the intimacy, privacy and fine appointments of a reserved suite.



#### "Skychief" Facts of Interest

**Size:** Australia's largest airliners, seating 58 passengers. Length 100 ft. 6 ins.; Wingspan 117 ft. 6 ins.; Height 28 ft. 5 in.

**Speed:** 315 M.P.H. plus reserve.

**Power:** 4 huge Pratt & Whitney 2,800 H.P. engines with reversible, anti-icing propellers.

**Air Conditioning:** Complete change of cabin air with "sky-fresh" outside air every 3 minutes.

**Pressurisation:** Normal sea level pressure at 8,000 feet.

**Crew:** Captain, 1st Officer, Flight Engineer, 3 Hostesses.

LOOK TO

**ANA**

FOR LEADERSHIP IN THE AIR

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS PTY. LTD. — Australia's Most Experienced Airline

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 17, 1954

Page 27



# Use the Faulding Formula for health and beauty

"do this  
every day"

Put a dash of



## Solyptol ANTISEPTIC

in your bath . . . . .

Feel it cleanse and invigorate as no plain water can do. Smell its refreshing fragrance. Always keep a bottle handy—doctors and hospitals throughout Australia have proved that there's much more safety in Solyptol.



Deep Cleanse your skin with



## Solyptol Soap

Feel its rich emollient oils and mild antiseptic deep cleanse your skin gently—but, oh, so thoroughly. Solyptol Soap goes further than ordinary soap in your bath or shower.

And as a shampoo. Solyptol Soap keeps your skin (and scalp) healthy . . . and beautiful.

AND THEN TO KEEP THAT  
LOVELY FRESH FEELING . . .

Dust Your Body with fragrant



## Solyptol BABY POWDER

Its faint delicate fragrance will blend with your favourite perfume. Solyptol Baby Powder is the perfect finishing touch to your daily bath or shower.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

"If it's FAULDING'S—it's Pure!"

# THE QUEEN'S

WHEN the telephone rang in the bank that morning, the teller, Mr. Withers, was thinking of England. Actually, he had thought of England a great deal this week, ever since the red, white, and blue streamers had been put up to decorate the bank in honor of the Queen's visit to Australia.

Mr. Withers considered himself an Englishman, though he had left England for Australia when he was quite a small boy, but almost the last thing his mother had done before they left was to take him down to see the Changing of the Guard. She was that sort of a mother, and that sort of an Englishwoman, and Eddie had grown up like her.

For a long while young Eddie had imagined he would be a Guard when he grew up, then when he became old enough to know the hopelessness of that it became the Navy or the Army in which he would be privileged to serve his King and country gloriously, or even as a famous explorer, thrusting into far hinterlands to add another outpost to the mighty British Empire.

But it was not to be. He was a delicate child, for one thing, and for another there was the ever-present need to make money right at home, in Australia, to support his mother.

So there was no valorous career forthcoming for Eddie, only a good, safe job in the bank, where he could hope, with diligence and respect, if not to serve his country nobly at least to make his future secure.

Then the war broke out and there was the heaven-sent opportunity for all the born patriots to realise their dreams, but Eddie Withers was not to be one of them. He was rejected, physically unfit.

He continued on as Mr. Withers, of the bank, and, of course, there were war bonds and working back, but it was not what his soul had longed to do.

The call was put through to the accountant. It was another branch ringing and they gave the code word that signified the cash escort. " . . . in three minutes," they added.

The accountant, Mr. Bard, was thinking of suicide, because he had fought in two wars, for no good reason, and with no good result that he had been able to discover, either in public life or his own, and nothing, in his daily round at the bank, seemed to suggest to him that life was real, earnest, or even sweet.

The accountant repeated the code signal: "Three minutes? O.K. Thanks." He put down the telephone and went out to the back of the teller's box.

Mr. Withers was cashing the rope factory's pay cheque, counting the notes with a staccato dexterity, flipping coins up into precise small pillars and sliding them smoothly under the grille.

Mr. Bard ripped on the glass. Without taking his eyes off his cash Mr. Withers reached back a hand and opened the hatch above his left ear.

"Three minutes, Mr. Withers!" the accountant informed him, his voice formal and modulated, the bank being full of customers.

Mr. Withers inclined his neat, sandy head in acknowledgment; his lips were

counting. " . . . seventy-nine, eighty. Five pounds of threes. There you are, sir!" And he slid the last stack of coins across to the pay clerk of the rope factory.

He changed a pound note for the girl from the tobacconist's, took a pay-in from the fish-shop, and cashed a cheque for an elderly lady customer.

That cleared the line in front of his cage momentarily and he began to make rapid calculations amongst his cash, snapping rubber bands around bundles of notes, stacking cylinders of paper-wrapped coins, and entering amounts in his exquisite copper-plate on the cash slip under "Cash on Hand."

The accountant, as he went back through the ledgers, said to the ledger-keeper, "The escort will be along in a few minutes."

"O.K." The ledgerkeeper, Mr. O'Connor, was thinking of politics. He had fought in one war, for a reason that seemed clear at the time, keeping faith with what was good and decent, and he had flown a plane with skill and courage around the skies that were filled with every possible invitation to death, but he had come back, unscratched, to find his wife had left him.

A set of values is like a stack of playing cards once it has fallen; without substance, not worthwhile to reconstruct. A new one is needed in its place.

The junior clerk, John Jones, at a word from the accountant, had taken his gun from the remittance desk and gone out in front of the bank premises to simulate a casual loiterer by the chemist's, but failing to repress a welcoming grin as the large, black, bullet-proofed van slid to a stop in front of the bank.

He was thinking of Hopalong Cassidy and wondering if he could possibly cut revolver practice this afternoon and go to the intermediate session of the new show.

The escort crew took up their positions: the ledgerkeeper appeared in the doorway with a bulge in his old sports jacket, and the cash was wheeled in through the bank to be put in the safe.

Mr. Withers had locked the teller's box and gone into the strong-room, where the manager was taking his combination off the safe.

The manager, Mr. Rutherford, was thinking of promotion. He was overdue for it, and it irked him that he was kept on here, wasted in this small, suburban job. He was capable of bigger things, but he knew well what went against him in the inspector's report. He did not have the feel of his staff. He was not well liked.

How on earth, he thought irritably, looking down now impatiently as Mr. Withers precisely twirled his knobs, can one be expected to have any feeling for a dry little mediocrity like this one or get under the skin of such a sour-faced beggar as Bard?

He was, however, ponderously jovial as the escort officer came in. The bringing of the cash always engendered an odd bonhomie between the escort and the branch staff, a hangover from old times, perhaps: the safe arrival from a hazardous journey.

The last bag for the branch was un-

loaded, excess copper taken on, and the trolley trundled back through the bank.

The ledgerkeeper gave the escort men a mock salute as they passed him in the entrance, and the junior clerk moved guiltily away from the sports store window.

The smooth motor of the escort van purred into life, the copper was loaded, and the escort men took their places.

The junior clerk and the ledgerkeeper went back inside.

The accountant put a memo on the typist's desk to notify the next branch.

The typist, Miss McDermott, was thinking of love. "If you loved me," she had said to him, "there wouldn't be any question. You'd want the sort of job where you could be near me. Always. You know what the Navy means. You could be sent anywhere. Goodness knows where you might be sent. There isn't a war on; you don't have to join up."

"Well, you can choose," she had threatened him. "But if you really loved me . . ." But he had chosen, and there he was in the snapshot he had sent her in a letter this morning from the training depot, wearing his naval uniform and grinning as if it were all a terrific lark. Not thinking of her . . . not thinking . . . of love.

The teller had returned to his box and was unpacking a new bag of cash. He emptied a pound in silver out of its paper container and automatically scattered it out to count before he put it in the cash drawer.

Mr. Withers stopped, with his hand poised over the coins, then he dreamily took one up in his fingers. He always loved to touch this shining new silver, for graven on the coin was the young, regal head of the Queen!

As always, a glow of extraordinary gratification came over him as he stood there, quite still, in homage, almost.

So might Raleigh have stood, or Drake, or Essex.

The old longings stirred beneath the inky lapel of Mr. Withers' office coat.

The Crown of England! He would have fought for it, if only they had let him! Given his life, if need be. If only he could have done something dogged and daring and full of . . . of British pluck!

But the privilege to serve had always been denied him.

Mr. Withers drew a long, sighing breath.

The twelve o'clock whistles began to blow from the neighboring factories and a lunch-hour somnolence pervaded the little bank.

Mr. Withers made up his cash for the ledgerkeeper to take over for the lunch-time shift. Only a few customers moved



All his life he had dreamed  
of serving his Sovereign  
and now the chance came  
in a way he never imagined



# COIN

by  
**JEAN  
TURNLEY**

ILLUSTRATED BY T. MEDHURST

leisurely in the banking chamber: two at the ledgers for statements, a man wearing a panama hat with a light-colored band on it was at the far bench filling in a slip, the brisk, young manager from the chain store with the midday pay-in had just stepped up to the teller.

Mr. Withers checked the money rapidly and the chain-store man swung out again, whistling.

The junior clerk came in the side door carrying paper-bags of lunch from the pie-shop, and out in the rear of the premises the typist was putting on the kettle.

The manager's bell rang for the typist, and, cursing under his breath, the ledger-keeper went to answer it instead.

The man with the pay-in slip moved over to the teller's box.

"The coin of the realm," Mr. Withers was thinking idly, caught in a dream of buccaners and Queen's ships. "Fabulous stuff . . . silver and gold . . ."

A quiet voice said, "All right, mister . . . this is a hold-up!"

Mr. Withers' dreamy gaze jerked up and was held by a pair of cold, watchful eyes above a gun-barrel.

He stood there, gagged with terror, just staring back.

"Open the grille," the man ordered, "and push the stuff over!"

The chain-store pay-in was still on the counter, and all the cash he was about to put away in the strongroom, and the lunch-hour money for the ledgerkeeper's shift . . . the crisp bundles of notes . . . the orderly piles of silver and copper ranged on the shelves alongside.

It penetrated to Mr. Withers' petrified brain. The cash! The Queen's coin! He was to hand over the cash to this . . . bandit! The desecration of it!

"Make it snappy!" the man hissed, and the gun moved up.

Mr. Withers reached stiffly out and unbolted the grille. In his mind he seemed to hear his own voice calculating: "Mr. Bord has gone home to lunch. O'Connor's shut in with the manager. The boy's deep in his pin and comics. The girl's making tea . . ." He pushed the near pile of notes and silver across the counter and it vanished swiftly into the bandit's bag.

The pale, greedy eyes flicked to the side shelves: "That stuff, too!"

Mr. Withers turned towards the shelf; the gunman hitched his bag on the counter and his gun wavered.

Mr. Withers, his hand outstretched to the notes, grabbed instead the gun from beneath the counter and fired at the bandit's arm.

The gun-barrel before him jerked up as though an unseen hand had plucked it;

then another, vaster hand struck Mr. Withers in the chest.

In the shop next door the chemist dropped a beaker. "Did you hear shots? In the bank?"

"A hold-up?" his assistant suggested eagerly.

"Quick! Run up to the cop on point duty!"

When the first policeman arrived he had to push his way into the bank. The ledger-keeper, rather white, was standing guard over the unconscious gunman, spreadeagled on the floor of the banking chamber.

"Who shot him?" the policeman wanted to know.

"Mr. Withers . . . the teller."

"Where is he?"

"He's—along here . . ."

The accountant conducted the policeman around the back of the ledgers. More police arrived in a patrol car. The ledgerkeeper was relieved of his guard.

The manager stood at the door of the teller's box. He looked acutely uncomfortable, and his relief was patent as the police took over.

"Glad to see you, Constable," he addressed the policeman he was familiar with. "A bad business, here . . . we haven't touched anything . . . poor Withers . . . nothing we could do . . ."

He stood back as the policeman went in.

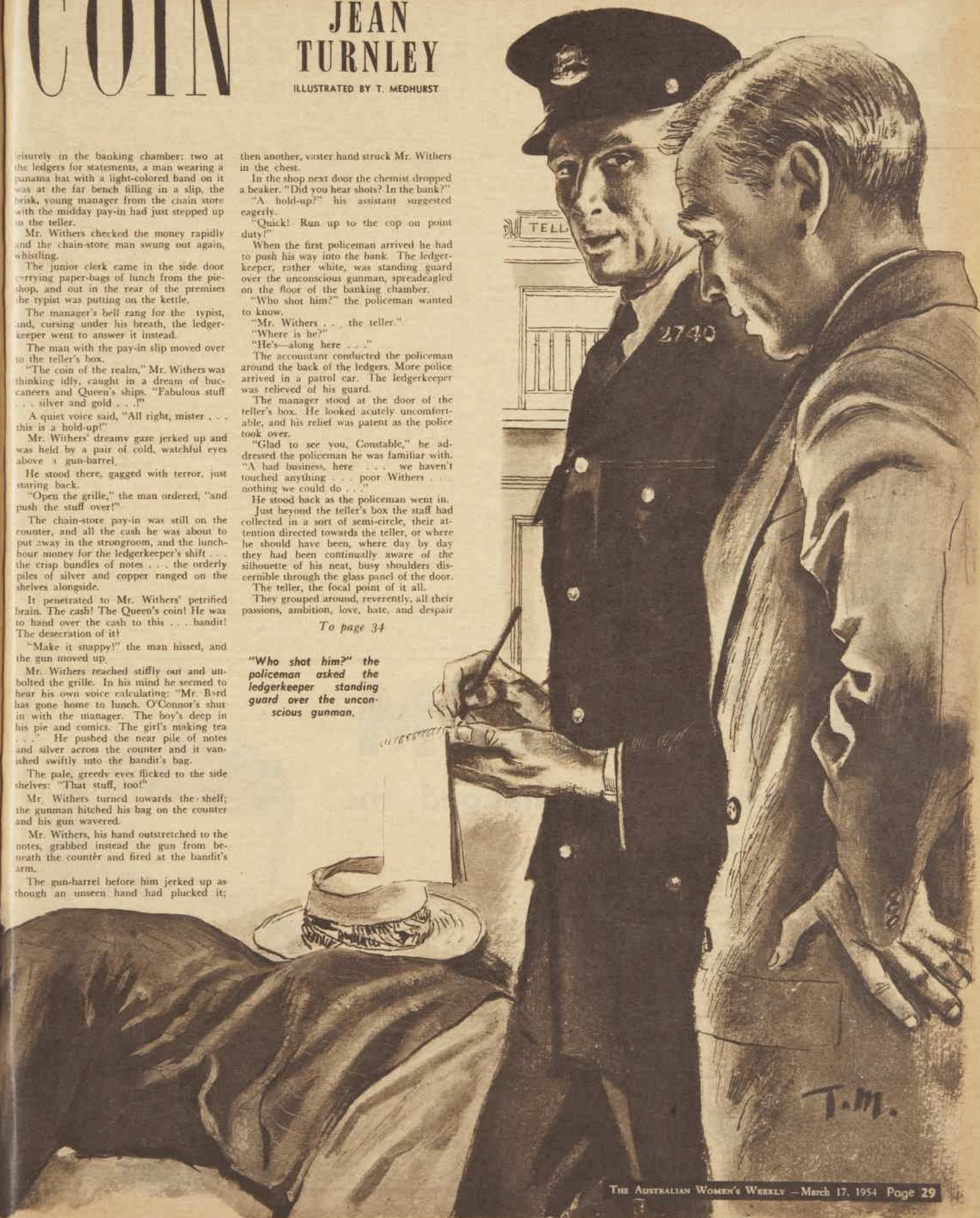
Just beyond the teller's box the staff had collected in a sort of semi-circle, their attention directed towards the teller, or where he should have been, where day by day they had been continually aware of the silhouette of his neat, busy shoulders discernible through the glass panel of the door.

The teller, the focal point of it all.

They grouped around, reverently, all their passions, ambition, love, hate, and despair

To page 34

"Who shot him?" the policeman asked the ledgerkeeper standing guard over the unconscious gunman.







This is a tin of Andrew's like the one in our cupboard at home.  
I have a big glass of Andrew's when I get up in the morning.



I make it myself—it's easy! But it's wonderful in a glass of cold  
water, stir it—and there's a lovely "fizzy" bubbling drink!



Daddy says Andrew's is good  
because it keeps me regular—  
but I drink it often just because I  
like it and it makes me feel cool inside.



## ANDREWS for me —

Sparkling effervescent Andrew's benefits the entire system. First it freshens the mouth and helps to clean the tongue; then soothes the stomach and tones up the liver. Finally, Andrew's gently clears the system. Drink a morning glass of beautiful Andrew's Liver Salt—for "inner cleanliness!"

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me drive, but nobody got killed.

I had just about decided that what I really wanted was that sailing boat.

But when I went over to pick up Joan and she came towards me, I began to wonder. She hadn't got on to the film, but she had everything a girl needed and the boat began to fade in my mind.

"Listen, David," Joan said, "you're being a little too mysterious for my liking. If you have a suitcase in the back seat—"

"I promise I have no such thing," I said. "I just want to show you something."

I could drive to Jacky's with my eyes shut. But it was nice having Joan beside me instead of a sticky small boy.

I parked the car. We sat there looking at the little white house.

"A regular little love nest, isn't it?" Joan said.

I led the way up the path and Jacky opened the door.

"Haven't I seen you before?" she said, and then she got a look at Joan and that really stopped her.

We went through the house and Joan was enchanted with the sitting-room. "It's the sort of room I've always wanted," she said. Her enthusiasm was gratifying, but somehow I felt depressed. When she went out to the orchard, I wandered into the kitchen and came back into the living-room with a tomato.

"Not quite ripe," I said, and looked at Jacky. "She's nice," I said.

"She's not paying for the house," Jacky said. "Who's the sucker? I bought a pair of gloves from her last Tuesday."

I let that pass and ate my tomato; Joan came in again and it was time for her to go.

"What do you think of it?" I said when we were back in the car.

"It's charming."

"Like to have it?"

Joan smiled at me. "How many strings?"

"One," I said. "I go with it."

Joan got out of the car, poked her head back in at the window and kissed me. "Don't get reck-

## Continuing . . . Happy is the House

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less," she said. "It's a big decision, David."

I went back to my office and the phone rang. It was Mr. Phillips. "I want to see the house again," he said. "I'll drive out this afternoon. Meet me at the house at three."

I rang Jacky to tell her, and the line was engaged. I drove out to give her warning.

"What?" she said when she saw me. "No client?"

I told her about Phillips and went out to the kitchen. "Leave that refrigerator alone," Jacky said. "If you're staying for lunch, I'll attend to it. Keep out of the kitchen!"

I sat down on the sofa in the living-room and relaxed. It was not my home, but it was the closest thing I'd known to a home since I was a child. I'd sold it to Aunt Emma a long time ago when I was first in the estate agency business, working for someone else. It was the first house I'd ever sold.

After the deal had been completed, I dropped in one day to see how Aunt Emma was getting along.

There was a door and a window that stuck, and a tap that dripped and I put these right, while a pudgy chestnut-haired child watched me solemnly. Jacky wasn't pudgy any longer.

Somehow, after that, I kept dropping in—it got to be a habit—and now I thought suddenly it wouldn't be a habit any longer. Unless, of course, I bought the house.

"What are you brooding about?" Jacky said. "I've called you three times."

Having lunch out in the orchard was like old times but it was sad. We teased each other as we always did, but my heart wasn't in it this time.

"What's wrong?" she said.

"I'm going to feel depressed when I drive past here and there's someone else in the house," I said.

"We'll put a clause in the sales contract," Jacky said, "entitling you to refrigerator privileges." Then the twinkle left her eyes. "I'll miss you, too, David. Who do you think is

going to buy it? What about that beautiful thing you brought out this morning?"

"You were right," I said. "She wasn't exactly the client. I wasn't trying to put anything over on you, Jacky. I was the client that time."

Jacky's face was bent over her plate. She didn't say anything.

"Of course," I said, "perhaps I don't meet the specifications."

"Well," Jacky said thoughtfully, "suppose I compare you with Mr. Phillips? You're not as good-looking, compared with his, your manners are atrocious. You haven't as much money—"

"Jacky," I interrupted, "that's something I want to talk to you about. Seriously, I mean. I didn't like the way you played up to Phillips this morning."

"You're an estate agent, aren't you?" she said. "Better stick to something you know about and leave interior decoration alone."

"Now don't get huffy," I said. "After all, for the past several years you've been stuck here in a small town with your Aunt Emma. You haven't knocked around much, and I'm only warning you."

"Carry your things back to the kitchen," Jacky said, her eyes flashing.

She broke two plates washing up. When we had finished I was about to leave when there was a knock at the door. It was Mr. Phillips.

"I'm a little early," he said cheerfully, and then didn't look quite so debonair. "I see you're also early Mr. . . ."

"You were just leaving, Mr.—what did you say your name was?" Jacky said sweetly.

"I'm staying, Jacky."

"The things you do for ten per cent.," Jacky said. "Let me show you round this time, Mr. Phillips."

They went into the best bedroom. I stood in the living-room ready to rush in if I heard any noise that sounded like Phillips getting fresh.

Then the door knocker sounded again and this time it was the small boy. "Mummy, here's the funny man," he said.

Mummy said: "We couldn't resist coming back for a second look. We've been out with two other agents and they didn't have anything to compare with this. Could we just see the smaller bedroom again?"

They went by me into the second bedroom. Things were coming to a head. Then I heard someone running up the path and this time it was Joan.

"I thought you'd be here," she said.

She came inside and then Jacky and the small boy and company came back and we were all together.

"Well," the small boy's father said, "we've made our decision. We'll give you four thousand."

"I'm sorry," Phillips put in smoothly, "but you're a little late. I'm buying the house."

"David," Joan said to me, "can I see you a minute?"

Jacky looked around the room, then finally turned to me. "Well, David," she said, "this is your party. You'll have to settle it. I'm going out. I'll be back in time to sign my papers."

"Four thousand," Phillips said, grinning. "That's the price, isn't it? I'm prepared to pay it."

The small boy's father glared at him. "Four thousand two hundred."

"Four thousand two-hundred," Phillips drawled.

"Give me five minutes," I said.

I went out to the kitchen and put my head in my hands. All I got was a headache. Then Joan came out.

"David," she said, "I came out here to tell you something. It wouldn't work with us and you know it. You're not in love with me, are you, David?"

I said slowly: "I suppose I'm not, when I come to think of it."

"We were both feeling very depressed and lonely," Joan

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A25



# James goes to school

A short short story  
by  
**GERTRUDE  
CARRICK**

**S**UE had always known James was a character, a strange pixy of a child who would utterly confound the child-psychology experts.

But she was not in the least worried about his first day of school because she had prepared him so carefully for it.

Frequently during the summer she had left him with neighbors and friends so that he would get used to being without her; and for the past few days she and his two brothers (Ricky, two years older, and Nicky, two years younger) had made a game out of playing school with him.

On the morning of the big day she had presents for each of them—red pencil boxes for James and Ricky and crayons for Nicky, and identical T-shirts in sizes four, six and eight, exactly the same as their ages.

"I'm not going to wear this," James said of his, sweeping it disdainfully to the floor. "I'm going to wear my ice-cream suit."

"Oh, no, James!" Don said, arriving at the breakfast table at just that moment. "Your ice-cream suit is too dressed up for school. I only wear my white linen suit when I'm going to a garden party or some very important function—I never wear it to the office."

"I'm going to be in the first class and my teacher is Miss Wallace," James informed all the children whom they met on the walk to school that morning.

"Though I might decide to go with Ricky into third class and then my teacher will be Miss Andrews."

"School isn't Sunday school," one of the older boys told him. "You have to stay in your class whether you want to or not."

"But I might not like Miss Wallace."

"It doesn't matter. You have to do what she tells you to!"

"I don't think I'll go to school today," he said to Sue as they passed the neighborhood park. "You and Nicky go home, I'll stay here and play. It's all right, the cat can baby-sit me."

Even that didn't worry Sue. She just got the neighbor children to tell him how much they really liked school.

"I'll go," he said, after listening to them. "But if I don't like it I'll come home."

"You'll like it, dear!" Sue said. "Daddy should have driven us in the car," James remarked.

Secretly, Sue agreed with him. But it was just one of those unfortunate things. Don had had an important early appointment and so couldn't take them as he had originally planned.

James' schoolroom greatly reassured Sue. It was overwhelmingly bright and sunny and colorful. And so was Miss Wallace.

"Where's Ricky?" James asked as they entered.

"Why, he's upstairs, darling."

"Let's go find him!"

"Well—er—I have to fill out these

entrance forms. You and Nicky sit down here and draw."

Most of the other mothers, having arrived earlier by car, had already finished their papers and were leaving now—casually waving goodbye to their children.

"Come meet Miss Wallace now, darling," Sue said, taking James by the arm. After introducing him, she apologized for not having brought the five shillings fee for equipment. "I'll send it with James tomorrow," she said.

"Perfectly all right," Miss Wallace answered, taking James' small hand. "How'd you like to help those other boys build that lovely tower?"

"Okay," James said happily. "I told you there was nothing to worry about," Sue said to Don when he telephoned later that morning.

"I was afraid you'd have trouble," he said. "James can be very stubborn."

"But he wants to go to school! He's already all beautifully adjusted. And all because I prepared him for it in advance. You see—Excuse me a minute, Don, there's someone at the door." A moment later she was back, all the complacency gone from her voice. "Don, that was James. I'll call you back."

She turned to James. "Darling, what happened? Why did you come home?"

"I just decided to," he answered. "I told you if I didn't like it I'd come home, and I didn't like it."

"But school is fun!" Sue insisted. "There are too many children. They don't even know my name."

"They'll learn your name. That just takes a little time."

"I like school, James," Nicky said. "I'll go."

How lovely if it could be solved that way, Sue thought. "Did I ever tell you about the time I learned to ride a horse?" she asked.

Both children listened attentively as she explained how, if she had not got back on after she had fallen off, she never would have learned to ride.

"It's the same way with school for you, James," she ended up. "If you don't go back now, it will be all the harder tomorrow."

"But I don't want to ride a horse," James said.

"Wouldn't you like to take some of our pretty flowers to your pretty teacher?" she said desperately.

"I'll cut them!" he cried, brightening. "Don't help me."

"How lovely to have you back, James, and what beautiful flowers!" Miss Wallace said. Then she added in an undertone to Sue. "I thought you'd just try again tomorrow. This move from home to school is a very difficult adjustment for some children."

On the way home Nicky picked himself a tall stalk of grass and waved it about his head like a flag as Sue studied the state of everyone's gardens. She was standing still, admiring a magnificent clump of asters, when she heard the noise.

Then up over the hill appeared a

"I'm going to be in first class, and my teacher is Miss Wallace," James informed all the other children they met on the way to school.

small and all-too-familiar figure—new T-shirt, new red pencil box and a bright red face to match. Every roar was fraught with outraged suffering.

"Look, Mummy, here comes James!" Nicky announced happily.

"Why wouldn't you stay?" Sue asked. "What was it this time?"

So violent were his sobs that it was some time before she could understand him. Finally, though, she learned that both he and a little girl had wanted to put the flowers in a vase for Miss Wallace, and the little girl had thrown a pitcher of water on him.

"She wetted my brand-new shirt!"

"Honestly, Don, James is a humm'n boomerang!" she said over the telephone a little later. "I don't know what to do!"

"It's like falling off a horse, Sue," Don said. "If you don't get right back on—"

"Horses have nothing to do with it!" she cried. "I'll try it again tomorrow."

"Do you think it will be any easier tomorrow? He's six years old now—he has to go to school!"

"I understand, dear," she said frigidly, "but James doesn't."

Slowly she went into the boys' bedroom, where James was busily removing his wet shirt. "James, I hate to tell you this," she said; "but you have to go back."

"Can I ride my bike?"

"I guess so. I guess you know the way by now. Oh, but wait a minute, I was going to pay Miss Wallace the money I owe her. Can you do that?" She took ten shillings from her purse and handed the

money to him. "This is too much; you'll be sure to bring back the change, won't you?"

"Yes, mum!" he said firmly.

She was making sandwiches and wondering what time first class was out when there came from the back yard a terrific uproar. About fifteen small children, including James, were swarming all over the place.

Under the swings they romped, through her chrysanthemum bed, in and out of Don's vegetable garden. Entranced, Sue would have stood by the window watching forever if Nicky hadn't pulled at her skirts and demanded lunch.

"James, come eat!" she shouted. "Children, come again!"

"Bye, James!" they chorused.

"Be seeing you, James!"

"James, call for me tomorrow and we can ride to school together."

"They know your name now!" Sue said. "I guess you must have had a good time in school after all!"

"Oh, I love school!" he cried, his eyes shining. "I'm going every single day."

"Wonderful. Now, darling, where's my change?"

"Change?" he echoed blankly.

"Yes. I gave you ten shillings to give your teacher, and I expressly asked you to bring the change back to me."

"There wasn't any change," he told her, "just money."

Then for the first time she noticed the large brown spots all down the front of his T-shirt. And it came to her that all the children in the back yard had had similar spots on their clothes.

"I gave the money to the man and he gave ice-cream to all my friends," James said. "There wasn't any change at all." He looked up at her. "Wasn't that all right?"

"Under the circumstances, yes. It wasn't what I had in mind, but I consider the money well spent."

"You're a wonderful mother," Don said that night in admiration. "You had a real situation on your hands, and you handled it beautifully."

She avoided his eyes. "It was nothing, really," she murmured. "Still and all, I'm glad I have two years to rest up before Nicky's first day at school."

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Beginning our  
delightful serial  
by  
**MARGERY  
SHARP**

# The gipsy in the parlor

**I**N the heat of a spacious August noon, in the heart of the great summer of 1870, the three famous Sylvester women waited in their parlor to receive and make welcome the fourth.

Themselves matched the day. The parlor was hot as a hot-house, not a window was open, all three women were big, strongly cosseted, amply petticoated, layered chin to toe in flannel, cambric, and silk at a guinea a yard. Their broad, handsome faces were scarlet, their temples moist.

But they stood up to the heat of the parlor as they stood up to the heat of the kitchen or the heat of a harvest-field; as the sun poured in upon them so their own strong good-looking humor flowed out to meet it—to refract and multiply it, like the prisms on their candlesticks, the brass about their hearth.

Nature had so cheerfully designed them that even wash-day left them fair-tempered: before the high festivity of a marriage their spirits rose, expanded, and bloomed to a solar pitch of stately jollification.

Everything in the parlor shone. After the prisms and andirons the two most striking points of brilliance were a china-cabinet, its panes so diamond-like that light must merely have bounced back but for the attraction of the lustre-ware within and the gilding of a tall, scroll-worked harp.

The floor reflected the furniture: a pair of water-clear mirrors reflected each other. The grandfather-clock was a column of amber. (A smaller, dimmer sun ornamented its face.) At the windows, long curtains of very old brocade showed their original bright crimson at each turn of a fold: a square of Turkey carpet, equally ancient, equally proclaimed the excellence of old dyes.

It was a room, in short, worth the sun's while to shine on; and that it was so, and that it was also the heart of the great sprawling house, half-manor and half-farm, was the Sylvester women's triumph.

They had won no easy victory. The men they wedded were masterful as themselves: black as they were golden, strong-willed and strong-backed: apt to eat in the kitchen, and without (till the first bride came home) slucing themselves.

This original amazon was my Aunt Charlotte, wife of the eldest son, Tobias; her two sisters-in-law were of her own choosing—equally high-colored, equally high-handed, equally apt to civilise the black Sylvester males. The fourth Sylvester woman, the awaited betrothed, my youngest uncle, Stephen, chose for himself; and until that morning only he had set eyes on her.

One must go back. I go back—how willingly!—to the night some four years earlier when I first arrived, a small, sickly girl-child, in my Aunt Charlotte's kitchen. My parents were Londoners; I had coughed all a smoky winter, a chill spring; with the summer I was sent down to these half-known connections to try the benefit of West Country air.

I was then seven years old, and obviously did not travel alone; I remember adult (though unfamiliar) company in the train; but towards the end of the journey some arrangement must have broken down, for I made its last stage, by carrier's cart, in charge solely of the carrier, and when I arrived it was quite dark.

My Aunt Charlotte unwrapped me from my shawls, set me up on the great kitchen table, and with a loud cry of distress instantly gave me a honey-comb. I hadn't a spoon. I couldn't, for cold and weariness, have eaten if I had; but the impetuous welcoming gesture—I still see the upward sweep of a great, creamy arm—gave me an extraordinary sensation of happiness.

I felt, for my mind then fed on fairy-tales, like the girl in the story, whom an

enormous, kindly cat popped into a jug of magic milk, which turned her golden.

This image quite remarkably persisted. To me, a cockney of cockneys, living at the farm was like living amongst great, kindly creatures not quite of my own race. Every object, from the huge horses in the stables to the huge cream-pans in the dairy, was so astoundingly large.

My four uncles and their sire moved particularly enormous. I didn't see much of them; I was kept mowed like a parlor-boarder from all mucky farm activity; but my Aunt Charlotte loomed almost as gigantic. To me she was tall as a sunflower—and like a sunflower wore a great, golden crown that, unplaited, fell to her knees.

Her hands were man-size and brown, but her arms and shoulders milk-white; her eyes, like her mouth, smiled easily, but her lightest love-tap—I was often under-foot—sent me half across the kitchen. It was easy to comprehend how she had made the first breach in the bachelorhood of the Sylvester men.

The tale was legendary, and deserved to be: until her coming the old widower and his four sons having lived like so many savages, with for all female influence one old witch in the kitchen. Yet they owned their land and wheat stood at over forty shillings: old Mr. Sylvester could have been churchwarden—save that he never went to church. (They none of them went to church.)

Their dwelling-house, originally a manor, was not only commodious, but handsome. (Or might have been, had they spent the least pains on it; which they never did.) The older portion was so picturesque that summer-visitors came to sketch it: there are contemporary water-colors without number of the broad, sudden court lying between the manor's two wings.

It was formerly infested, this court, by donkeys. When old Mr. Sylvester bought all and for a peppercorn, he was forced to turn out a great number of gipsies who through the winter roosted there: so much had the estate decayed, by death, extravagance, and misfortune.

Old Mr. Sylvester rigorously turned both gipsies and donkeys out, and moved in with his growing four sons. They were Tobias, Matthew, Luke, and Stephen; who with their sire took root and flourished.

They were savages, but they didn't neglect the land. Where land was concerned they were even progressive. They brought in the first mechanical thresher their neighbors had ever seen. They sent to Plymouth for guano, buying it straight from the ship. As farmers, and as a team of five strong men, they waxed, for farmers, rich.

Fortunately, they weren't quarrelsome, and had heads like rocks, for they drank enough for eight. Whatever they did there was no one to check them, no one to say them nay—until Tobias, the eldest, foraying into Norfolk after a ram, was himself brought to market by my Aunt Charlotte.

She was quite simply the finest woman he'd ever seen. She stood five-foot-nine in her stockings, and her head was Ceres'—gold-braided, high-colored, smiling abundance. My Aunt Charlotte saw a black, six-footer eldest son. Her father owned the ram Tobias had his eye on; she, looking queen-like over the best Norfolk could offer, signalled her acceptance of an alliance which Tobias willingly allowed himself to have proposed.

He had to wait in Norfolk four weeks longer, while the banns were called; and employed the interval to write home.

"Dear father, dear brothers," wrote Tobias.

"I'm to be wed Tuesday two weeks. Wednesday two weeks expect me home. The young woman sends her respects, and I have got a ram."

I have said that my Aunt Charlotte's home-coming was legendary; like a legend,

it lost nothing in the re-telling. The first object that met her eyes, on her arrival at her new home, was a donkey in the kitchen. This was explicable, if at the time disconcerting; one or two strays of the race still remembered their old haunt in the courtyard, and the kitchen-door, which abutted it, swung on a broken hinge.

Tobias should properly have set down his bride at the great main door, but there was the ram, under a net, in the back of their cart; he drove straight round into the court; it was mizzling with rain, and Charlotte ran for the nearest shelter.

The donkey and she met head-on; without the slightest hesitation she snatched up a broom, thwacked it across the quarters, and drove it out. Immediately over the threshold a morass of poached mud sucked at her new shoes. She turned back into the kitchen, spied a pair of pattens, put them on, and returned to the attack.

When Tobias returned from the byre he found his bride, in pattens, already beating the bounds of her new demesne.

"Dear souls, but I was wrathful!" related my Aunt Charlotte.

So wrathful was she, indeed, that she not only unpacked her own sheets and her own goose-leather pillows, but also gave the nuptial chamber a good turn-out before her groom was allowed upstairs.

Raging all the while—but she raged as the sun shone, from inexhaustible reserves of heat and power—my Aunt Charlotte drove the cross old serving-woman before her to sweep, thump, sluice, and air, while in the kitchen below the four celibate Sylvesters sat in grimly humorous surveillance of the groom. They had cider enough to sustain them, but—"Don't you make 'un drunk, hors!" shouted the bride down the stairs from time to time.

It was two in the morning before Tobias was admitted.

At precisely seven o'clock next morning she served porridge, pork, eggs, and hollow biscuits to all who had previously soused their heads under the pump. No sousing, no breakfast. All soused.

Thus the Sylvester men knew at once what they were in for. So did my Aunt Charlotte. The household she entered was as roughly bounteous, and almost as uncivilised, as a camp of successful robbers. She had five men to tame as she might have had five hawks. And tame them she did—or almost. Life at the farm became for years one long, pitched, enjoyable battle, in which each side found a certain satisfaction in the other's victories.

My Aunt Charlotte was proud of her five wild men; so were the five wild men proud of my Aunt Charlotte's parlor.

It didn't immediately, of course, reach its later pitch of perfection. It had been so long disused that there was difficulty

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"'Tis my wedding gift to Fanny," Charlotte declared, as Fanny fell on her knees, fingering the material ecstatically.



*So golden and glorious were all the Sylvester wives.*

*they marvelled that young Stephen should choose as his  
bride this poor weakling, black-haired, dark-eyed, and fragile*



Illustrated by  
DALGLEISH



## Continuing . . . . The Queen's Coin

gone out now on the strong tide of compassion.

"If only he hadn't shot at him!" someone said.

"It wasn't necessary . . ."

"How brave!"

"Poor old chap!"

" . . . his duty!"

"All right, now," a policeman said, not unsympathetically.

"All out, please! Everybody out!"

The manager went back to his office. A report would have to go forthwith to head office.

Already the words were forming in his mind: " . . . a keen sense of duty. Mr. Withers was a man of deep loyalties . . ."

How did he know all this about little Withers, whom he'd scarcely bothered to speak to?

The manager shook his head as he bent over his desk. He did not pause to fathom it. He knew only that he appreciated what had prompted the teller to go for his gun.

Again he saw the faces of his staff in that small semicircle. The round, frightened face of the boy, the blurred prettiness of the girl, bitterness wiped out of Bard's sardonic features, the calm strength that had come unexpectedly to O'Connor, the ledgerkeeper.

They had all had a shock. He would have to keep an eye on them. Well, that was his job . . . and, anyway, they were a good bunch.

The accountant guided the typist back to her desk. "You'd better stick by the switchboard. There'll be calls to make. Will you be O.K.?"

Her watery smile warmed him as he went back to his office. But then he felt peculiarly receptive to any evidence of human warmth. Of aliveness.

Looking down at poor Withers he had known the oddest sense of reprieve.

"It could have been me," he said to himself. "Oh, I'm so glad I'm not dead! How could I ever—oh, it's wonderful not to be dead!"

The typist tucked her shaky knees under the desk. "Mr. Withers is a hero," she said to herself. "Was a hero, I mean. They said it wasn't necessary to sacrifice himself like that, but he must have felt he had to. I'll tell Jim that when I write tonight. Of course I'll write! I've got to tell him I was wrong . . . but I understand now!"

A policeman spoke to the ledgerkeeper. "Oh . . . oh, right!" the ledgerkeeper answered. He went out into the remittances. The junior clerk was standing against the adding machine, looking very queer.

"Come on, old boy!" the ledgerkeeper said, putting a steady hand on the boy's shoulder. "Give me a hand to pick up the cash, will you?"

He'd seen a lot of fellows looking like this lad at the sight of their first casualty. He felt a renaissance of his wartime spirit, the close-knit fellowship of men against a common enemy.

"This new stuff is one short," he murmured to the junior clerk. "Can you see it about?"

Beyond the shuttered grille of the teller's box police were preparing to move Mr. Withers.

When they came to lift him up they took from one clenched hand a gun.

The fingers of the other hand were still tightly gripped about a silver coin.

A coin of the realm, bearing a young Queen's head.

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from page 29

He hadn't felt like that in a long time.

Well, a blow had been struck this morning, all right, in the struggle of good against evil.

And little Withers (that mild, decent little bloke, the ledgerkeeper thought admiringly) had not hesitated to meet the petty tyrant with his own weapon!

Withers had done his ultimate service to society. The way was clear, wasn't it? That was the stuff to show the kids growing up, like young Jones here.

O'Connor felt that old, strange pride and joy. "Vale Withers! Tally-ho!"

The junior clerk took comfort from the warm hand of the ledgerkeeper. Gee! Oh, gee! Poor Mr. Withers . . . He still felt a bit sick. He'd never dreamed it would look like that! Gee! Tonight . . . tonight he was going to go flat out at revolver practice.

They went out through the side door into the banking chamber to pick up the spilled cash, the junior clerk retrieving it, scattered over the black and white tiles. It piled up on the counter and the ledgerkeeper counted it, his skillful fingers sorting it off the counter, four coins at a time, flipping it up into symmetrical stacks.

"This new stuff is one short," he murmured to the junior clerk. "Can you see it about?"

Beyond the shuttered grille of the teller's box police were preparing to move Mr. Withers.

When they came to lift him up they took from one clenched hand a gun.

The fingers of the other hand were still tightly gripped about a silver coin.

A coin of the realm, bearing a young Queen's head.

(Copyright)

## A HANDBOOK for women-

hatters, compiled by Justin Kaplan, and called "With Malice Toward Women," will probably give rise to some malice toward men.

If we "undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged members of the fair sex" can hang on to our humor, we'll find good controversial reading in what men have said about us, starting with Theophrastus (4th Century, B.C.), and continuing to Mr. Philip Wylie (1942).

Theophrastus says: "Matters want many things, costly

dressers, jewels, great outlay, maidservants, all kinds of furniture. Then come curtain lectures the livelong night: she complains that one lady goes out better dressed than she; that another is looked up to by all. 'I am a poor, despised nobody at the ladies' assemblies.' Why did you ogle that creature next door?"

Fulminating against American "moms," Mr. Wylie comes out of his burrow to say: "Mom is a middle-aged puffin

said. "And you had the idea I'd look nice in an apron."

She kissed me, then went out of the back door and joined Mr. Phillips, who was pacing across the orchard.

I could let the others bid for the house and get Jacky the highest price. I made my decision, then walked back into the living-room. Phillips and Joan came in.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you people," I said, "but the house has already been sold to another party who shall be nameless."

Nobody wanted to let it go at that. The small boy's mother said I must be insane. His father invited me out into the orchard if I were man enough.

Phillips was scowling, and when the silence got thick enough to slice, Joan said, "David, I have to get back to work. Will you drive me?"

"Let me take you," Phillips said eagerly.

"If you're sure it's no trouble," Joan said, and they went off together. If the

## Book News

with an eye like a hawk that has just seen a rabbit twitch far below. She is about 25 pounds overweight. In a thousand of her there is not sex appeal enough to budge a hermit 10 paces off a rock ledge."

Thomas Hardy, Oliver Goldsmith, Tolstoy, Machiavelli, Shakespeare, and John Knox feature in the book, which is illustrated by Thurber.

"With Malice Toward Women," compiled by Justin Kaplan, was published by W. H. Allen. Our copy from the Grahame Book Company, Sydney.—H.F.

Continuing . . . . Happy is the House

from page 30

swimming-pool was what Joan wanted, I hoped she'd get it.

The small boy and his parents departed, slamming the door behind them, and I was left alone in the house. It struck me that this was the first time I had ever been alone in it.

I was sitting on the sofa when the front door opened and Jacky came in.

"Well?" she said.

"I've sold the house," I said.

"I've double-crossed you, Jacky. Phillips was willing to pay four thousand two-fifty for it, and I sold it for four thousand."

"I'm content with four thousand," Jacky said. "Who got it?"

"Me," I said.

Jacky nodded as though it were no surprise to her. "Jacky," I said, "do you have to go up north?"

"What do you want to do?" she said. "Rent me that back bedroom?" She looked furious.

"Get out of here!"

"I've just discovered something," I said. "The house isn't really so much. The nicest thing about it is you. And without you it's no good. I don't want the house unless I can have you with it."

Jacky stared at me. Her eyes were suddenly wet. "David," she said, "do you mean that after seven years of hanging around here and eating Aunt Emma and me out of house and home and mending taps and light flexes, you have finally recognised my existence?"

"I want to marry you," I said.

She took a step and I took a lot of them and she was in my arms. It was the most wonderful deal I had ever closed. Then I had a thought.

"Listen," I said. "The deal goes through as specified. My money is your money. I'm marrying a rich woman. What are you going to do with all my money?"

"Well," Jacky said. "For one thing, I think I'll buy a sailing boat."

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## Continuing . . . The Gipsy in the Parlor

from page 33

even in finding the key, and the  
sight that met Charlotte's eyes,  
when first the door groaned  
open, would have daunted Her-  
cules.

On the floor dust lay thicker  
than the carpet; at the win-  
dows hung cobwebs more sub-  
stantial than the curtains; the  
harp careened like an unrigged  
ghostly skiff, and at some point  
a nestful of rooks must have  
fallen down the chimney, be-  
fore which their mummified  
bodies still lay.

But the curtains were bro-  
cade. They went to Charlotte's  
head. An ancient woman, skil-  
led in the use of soaps, was got  
in to soak and cleanse them;  
the repairing, almost the re-  
weaving of them, went on for  
years. Meanwhile, Charlotte  
polished at the floor and at the  
marble of a high, carved  
chimney-piece.

From Norfolk there presently  
arrived furniture of some state  
— a mahogany gate-leg table,  
the glass-fronted china-cabinet,  
a wing-chair covered with  
needlework—to be set about  
the Turkey carpet; and, if the  
whole was immediately declared  
forbidden ground to all in  
muddy boots, it says much for  
Charlotte's large-mindedness  
that she let anyone in at all.

Parlors less fine by half, in  
that community, were never  
entered from Christmas to  
Christmas. But Charlotte not  
only allowed her parlor to be  
used, she insisted on it—every  
Sunday. Every Sunday evening  
her five wild men had to clean  
up and present themselves for  
an hour of genteel slumber.

Old Mr. Sylvester slept in the  
wing-chair. He actually pre-  
ferred the familiar spokes of a  
wheel-chair, but Charlotte de-  
creed the other more fitting.  
She herself wasn't particularly  
comfortable on the piano-stool,  
but she felt it fitting that she  
should sit on it, after achieving  
such a crowning parlor-glory  
as a piano.

I wish I had known the house  
in those stirring, embattled  
days. When I came to it it  
was complete, ripe in its golden  
prime. Every room was open,  
and furnished and aired; there  
was even a flower-bed—the  
farmer's last luxury—ablow  
under the parlor windows. I  
took it all for granted.

That I was the first to play  
on the parlor piano meant at  
the time nothing to me; and if  
I still recall, as I tinkled out  
"Bluebells of Scotland," the  
enraptured faces of my three  
aunts, I re-savor chiefly my own  
conceit. I didn't realize that  
I was setting the gilded crown  
on an edifice twenty years a-  
building. Indeed, that perhaps  
came later, when I taught all  
my aunts "Chopsticks," and we  
used to play it four-handed.

What I longed for was to play  
upon the harp. It was an in-  
strument already so out-of-date  
as to have become romantic.  
But there was no one to teach  
me; and I doubt if I should have  
made an apt pupil.

I did sometimes, plucking at  
an unbroken string, draw forth  
a single melancholy twang; but  
no one played on the harp; it  
was never put in order, not  
even when my Uncle Stephen  
brought home his Welsh bride.

The brides of my Uncles Mat-  
thew and Luke (who are still  
waiting in the parlor) were  
brought home by Charlotte.

Her motive was at once prac-  
tical and altruistic. She had  
more on her hands than any  
one female could manage, and  
she also thought it a shame to  
leave any able-bodied male un-  
daggered into matrimony.

"What's us women to do, if  
'ee toads won't wed us," de-  
manded my Aunt Charlotte  
vigorously—but without ever  
receiving a satisfactory answer.  
The Sylvester men had simply  
settled down under her energetic  
and beneficent sway; openly en-  
joying their increased comforts,  
calling Tobias to his face a  
lucky hero, but showing not  
the least disposition to follow  
his example. Great, handsome  
chaps as they were, too!

"What's the matter with 'ee?"  
railed my Aunt Charlotte.  
"What's lacking, that 'ee don't  
bring me home some women?"

The old man said nothing;  
the three bachelors grinned.  
Charlotte knew as well as they  
where they went after market,  
though convention forbade her  
admitting it. What was the  
matter with them was that they  
were bone-selfish; they didn't  
want to be bothered with the  
ritual of proper courting.

Charlotte therefore took mat-  
ters into her own hands, looked  
about as she'd have looked  
about for a dairy-maid—though  
naturally with stricter require-  
ments—and pitched on my  
Aunt Grace.

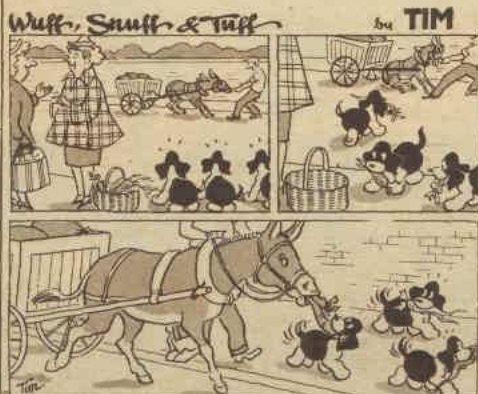
Her nature was essentially  
big. She was big all round,  
big in her high-colored hand-  
someness, her untiring energy,  
her unfailing good-humor.  
Other women in her position  
might have looked for sisters-  
in-law creep-mouse, docile, un-  
pretending.

Not so my Aunt Charlotte.  
She already saw herself thor-  
oughly a Sylvester, matriarch  
of a tribe that had all big and  
handsome about them. So she  
pitched on Grace Beer, daugh-  
ter of a farmer the other side  
of Frampton—strapping almost  
as herself, even blonder as to  
high-piled coiffure, and equally  
famous with poultry.

The two women had been  
on visiting terms for some  
months; Miss Beer, unlike Char-  
lotte (here we refer to one of  
my Aunt Charlotte's defeats),  
commanded her own pony-trap.

To page 37

### FOR THE CHILDREN—



**SNAP!** your  
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**CRACKLE!** those  
luscious RICE BUBBLES  
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in which she spanked through the lanes like a female Phœton. As a rule she appeared only at an hour when the men were asleep; around four in the afternoon, for instance, when Charlotte elegantly refreshed her with gooseberry-wine.

On a certain Sunday, however, she arrived, obviously by prearrangement, to partake of a particularly recherche supper, and afterwards to sit in the parlor, genteelly conversing with her friend before the conscript audience of Sylvester men. As soon as she left, Charlotte delivered an ultimatum.

"Well, there she is, boys," said my Aunt Charlotte. "Her father'll give her a hundred pounds, and I've seen her linen myself. Which is it to be, Matthew or Luke?"

After a short but pregnant pause, Matthew inquired, "Why not Stephen?"

"Because she doesn't fancy a vougeest. She'll take you or Luke—and I tell 'ee all now, I mean to have another female along wi' me before my time."

She was expecting her first child in two months. She must have looked, as she faced her menfolk, a very Ceres. They knew she hadn't so far added a day; they also recognised the validity of her claim. Not a word was said, but all eyes turned on Matthew; seniority has duties as well as rights.

To do him justice, he went through his courting like a man. The next three Sundays in succession saw him driving doggedly over beyond Frampton in best coat, clean shirt, brushed hat; he heard the banns called without flinching, and in due course was got to church on time.

The Sylvester defences thus doubly breached, my Uncle Luke, when Charlotte a year later produced my future Aunt Rachel, went to the slaughter like a lamb.

## Continuing . . . The Gipsy in the Parlor

[from page 36]

Rachel's chief (and complementary) talent was for dairy-work. She also was exceedingly handsome, built on the same lavish scale as her sisters-in-law, fair, kind, and gentle in her ways; so my Uncle Luke had no bad bargain.

I am told that for the next few years one couldn't set foot in the farm without treading on an infant. They were all—as though the tamed Sylvester men in this reasserted themselves—males. Loudly as my aunts complained, religiously as they followed every local rite of girl-producing birth-magic, boy after boy swarmed from their cradle. At one time there were not less than three a-rock together; in due course no fewer than seven urchins made a bedlam of the farmyard.

I think now this was partly the reason why I myself was made so welcome. I should have been made welcome in any case, from sheer goodness of heart, because I looked so small and sickly; but I was also a girl-child, such as those three fecund women had never been able to produce.

Moreover, by the time I appeared not even a son was left to them, it being a characteristic of the Sylvester male that he needed plenty of room. The farm couldn't hold them, and their Dads—no Sylvester minded words—seemed so solid as rocks, the young ones scattered—as far off as Canada and Australia, there to set up, on opposite sides of the globe, new robber-households of their own.

Thus I was doubly welcome; and though I was ever the young lady, the bird of passage, my aunts loved me as a last child of the house. What their love meant to me is something I cannot yet assess.

I had never before encountered love. In London, at home, I was being well brought up and well educated, but I wasn't being loved. Ours was a cold household, in London; though my mother loved both my brothers so well that in due course both their wives left them. My father, I think, loved no one.

What I found at the farm was so new, so excellent, that my summers there now appear to me like summers in a golden age. Yet how would I have described, at the time, that honey-gold warmth of love?—I should have said merely that my aunts were very kind to me and got on together very well.

That, of course, is the clue. They got on together, the three big women, so famously. They liked each other.

ALL through the day, the three women's loud, cheerful talk ran through the house in one long, triple conversation, shouted, if necessary, between room and room, so that no one missed anything.

Charlotte always and naturally held rather the upper hand. She was the first of the Sylvester women. It was she who drove out the donkeys. Proper marriage-feasts, proper marriage-chambers, welcomed first Grace, then Rachel; if they didn't realise, she soon enough told them what barbarity they'd been spared.

But she never played the despot; it was essentially as equals that they presented a solid front to their five wild men; it was essentially as equals that they now enjoyed such pride in their house and their husbands and their parlor—Rachel contributed the lustreware; Grace, the furniture for the hearth.

When they'd burnished the place for Sunday they used to stand as proud as three peacocks. And when, once a month, they'd stood prouder still, nudging their three big husbands into the Sylvester pew—"Only us could have tamed 'em!" triumphed my Aunt Charlotte. "Us three Sylvester women!"

She didn't bother to marry Stephen. There seemed no point in it. Stephen was left in peace, at thirty-five still the solitary bachelor, the perpetual youngest brother—and my favorite uncle.

This was inevitable, since none of the others took the least notice of me. I think they regarded me much as they would have regarded a pet lamb, brought in by the women and to be brought up by them. I regarded them with awe: to me they were like forces of nature—huge, silent, unarguable.

Certainly I shouldn't have described them as particularly tame; on the other hand, they had stopped being wild as hawks. (Their father, eighty-odd, was like a little old falcon: white with age, blinking on his perch by the fire.) They had come to partake, under their wives' influence and with their own maturity, more of the nature of tors, or rocks.

I suppose my Uncle Tobias, when I first knew him, wasn't much over fifty; to me he was as old as the hills. My Uncle Stephen, on the other hand, partly because he wasn't married, partly because he hadn't a beard, I regarded almost as a contemporary. But undoubtedly I loved him best for the one simple reason, that he noticed me.

He used sometimes to set me to ride home on a haywain. He quite often used to take me to see birds' nests. Once he even took me fishing—when I disgraced myself by falling in, and he plunged after, and we returned in equal disgrace to the scoldings of Aunt Charlotte. She instantly flung me into a boiling-hot bath before the kitchen fire, then hurled me into bed with a cup of black-currant tea.

I do not imagine she personally squired my Uncle Stephen also, but when I asked him next day whether he'd been made to drink the tea, he admitted that he had.

As he was the youngest of the brothers, so he was the smallest: by Sylvester standards, small absolutely. His black thatch of hair came to Tobias' shoulder, Matthew's chin, Luke's ear; that they were all exceptionally tall, giants even in a countryside of giants, did not make Stephen's lack of stature, among his kindred, any less noticeable.

He was the lightweight Sylvester—lanky as his brothers were ponderous, sallow rather than swarthy, narrower as to skull and cheekbone, less voluntary as to mouth and eye.

I secretly considered his appearance interesting; my aunts openly lamented he'd never got his full growth. They loved him and laughed at him and spoiled him; and when he at last, all on his own, found himself a wife, thought it the greatest joke in the world.

They were no more jealous or disturbed than three big suns. When the letter came from Plymouth, whither Stephen had been sent after guano, my aunts laughed all morning. However'd he managed it, they de-

manded, with no woman to push him forward?

"The cunning toad!" cried my Aunt Charlotte, wiping tears of laughter from her eyes. "If he b'aint the boldest Sylvester yet!"

The preparations went forward on a gale of hilarity. My aunts cooked, every wand they could lay hands on, turned out the parlor, changed round all the furniture in a bedroom, and with half an hour to spare stood waiting as I have described them—hot, gorgeous, and jocund—to welcome Stephen's bride.

It is 1870: I am eleven years old.

He entered first; then she, stepping close behind him; small, very slender, rather limply dressed in black or grey, on her head a small black straw hat. There was an air of the town about her; and of something else which I, staring out from behind my aunts, couldn't immediately define.

For an instant no one moved: the air was suddenly heavy, as though all the great house, all the broad fields beyond, pressed in upon us with a shared expectancy. From under the brim of her hat Miss Davis' swift, bright glance flickered once over the room, then dropped; my Uncle Stephen's hand never left her shoulder.

The next moment the spell was broken. My Aunt Charlotte had swooped forward—kissed the bride, kissed Stephen, passed them back to be re-kissed by Grace and Rachel, dragged me up too—but I kissed only Stephen—and the right uproar of welcome exploded like a feu de joie.

I have said the parlor was like a hot-house. I was so hot myself, in my best alpaca, that I came close to being sick. I

To page 38



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Page 37



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## Continuing . . . The Gipsy in the Parlor

from page 37

couldn't distinguish a word that was said, it was all one loud babel of greeting, questions, congratulation. Then Miss Davis was hustled away, my Uncle Stephen went to seek his brothers, and I was left alone.

I didn't know what to do with myself. So I sat down at the piano and played "Chopsticks."

It was by now a characteristic of the Sylvester men that one could never tell what they were thinking. Such thoughts as they wished or needed to communicate they put into words, otherwise they effortlessly preserved complete inscrutability.

This trait was peculiarly apparent that night at supper, which was the first occasion of their meeting with Stephen's betrothed; they naturally hadn't come in from harvesting to see someone they would see daily for the rest of their lives.

My Uncle Stephen presented her with due formality: in due order, starting with old Mr. Sylvester, the Sylvester men pronounced exactly as many words as were necessary for her due salutation; but whether Stephen's choice was any more than accepted—whether it was approved or not approved—remained unknown.

A Sylvester male was always rather silent at table, the better the fare, the less he spoke; and since my aunts had spread what was practically a marriage-feast any apparent glumness meant nothing. But Stephen too relapsed into his home-manners and the talk was left all to the women.

My three aunts talked splendidly.

I chose the word with intent. As a rule their continual loud conversation flowed in a spate of broad Devonian, varied by an occasional touch of Norfolk from Charlotte; but they had all received quite grand educations in their time, my Aunt Grace had even been to boarding-school, and when they chose they could out-niminy any lady in the shire. They did so now.

With elegance and adjectives, with pronouns and prepositions each in the right place, they discoursed fashion, society, and the arts. My Aunt Rachel had once witnessed, in Exeter, a performance of Hamlet; my Aunt Charlotte, in youth, had taken drawing lessons with a pupil of Mr. Cromie, of Norwich; while my Aunt Grace shone particularly in the account of a charity bazaar

opened by the Duchess of Somerset.

I listened with awe. I peered eagerly at Miss Davis to see her bowled over. (Her first name was Myfanwy, which in Stephen's letter my aunts had hardly been able to make out; so they called her Fanny.) I couldn't see much of her, for she was placed directly the other side of my Uncle Matthew, it was like peering round a rock at a wren; but she seemed to be sitting quite composedly, attentively, but not dumbfounded.

When she spoke it was always to agree: she too admired the works of Shakespeare; she too admired the landscapes of Mr. Cromie; and if she had never seen the Duchess of Somerset, looked above all things to do so.

She had a peculiarly sweet voice. I noticed it at once. It was low, small (as one calls a singing-voice small), made musical by a faint Welsh lilt. It was a wooing voice. Yet when she spoke to me—peering in her turn round my Uncle Matthew to ask how old I was—I answered rather sulkily.

The voices I was used to at the farm were the big carrying voices of my Aunts Grace and Rachel and Charlotte; I was used to being, however lovingly, hawled at. This newcomer's sweetness struck me as something alien; and so I answered sulkily.

One naturally hadn't the least idea what the Sylvester men made of this cultured flow. If they were proud of their womenfolk they didn't show it, and if they were bored or bothered they didn't show that either. They simply and Homerically ate.

I couldn't see my Uncle Stephen at all, he was on Miss Davis' farther side; whatever looks or words of affection they might have been exchanging, I couldn't see, or hear, either.

Immediately after the meal I was sent to bed. The consequences were as one would expect: I had consumed—my uncles, however otherwise oblivious of me, never neglected to heap my plate—enough rich and varied food to upset an alderman. I had wolfed raised-pie and custard, spiced ham and cheese-cakes.

I awoke, at what seemed to me long after midnight, still so oppressed by goblin dreams that I slipped out of bed and

crept for reassurance to the never-failing succor of my Aunt Charlotte's strong hand.

In the upbringing of children all that matters is love. My Aunt Charlotte encouraged me to over-eat, sent me over-early to bed, and when nightmares chased me out of it, smacked me. Each stage of this deplorable sequence was so informed by love that I never failed to return to peaceful sleep. Her big, off-hand smack, like the coil of an amiable lioness, carried more love with it than most kisses I have known since.

As soon as I reached the landing, my mistake was apparent; even eleven hadn't struck. From below came the rumbling of voices of my uncles—their tongues at last released from ceremony. I knew then that I had stumbled on the best time of all; the women had just come upstairs, I should find my Aunt Charlotte alone; she wouldn't have to lean out and just smack me cursorily, over my Uncle Tobias' huge bulk. She might even, after smacking me, let me stay and watch while she unplaited and brushed her hair.

I padded on, already assured. But of the two doors I had first to pass, one stood ajar; curiosity impelled me to pause, and ferret a step forward, and look in; and at once the new, sweet voice addressed me.

"Is that the little girl? Come in, dear."

I hesitated. But I had no reason to draw back, I was inquisitive, and my new aunt's voice was peculiarly alluring. (So soon I forgot that it was alien.) I went in.

The room that had been given her wasn't small, none of the rooms were small, but it was comparatively bare; an enormous amount of space stretched in all directions round the shabby carpet-bag half-emptied in the middle of the floor. Sky-ness made me fix my eyes on it; it had a pattern of big purplish roses, faded almost to the buff of the ground.

"Come closer, dear," said Fanny Davis.

I approached. The dressing-table before which she sat was candle-lit; by their double flames we contemplated each other through the mirror. Without her hat, without the net she had worn at supper, my new aunt looked much younger. Her short, dark hair, which she was brushing, stood out in a smoky bush, very soft and fine,

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## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Sealed agreement in a plate which is not genuine (9).
- Skill to be found in particular trade (3).
- Pregnant which does not lack spice (7).
- Change later (5).
- Turn about at nothing to find this muse (5).
- Car dial (ANAG. 7).
- Full once a month but it's not drunk (4).
- It crouches when it scents the game (6).
- Article in little birds makes giants (6).
- Countenance a wager (4).
- Childish disturbed repentance in a pile (7).
- Gives out mixed mites (5).
- This language could be confused with breathing in sleep (5).
- Red bars in mercantile vessels (7).
- Title for a man, rebus for a boy (3).
- Seriously in a sly pet (9).

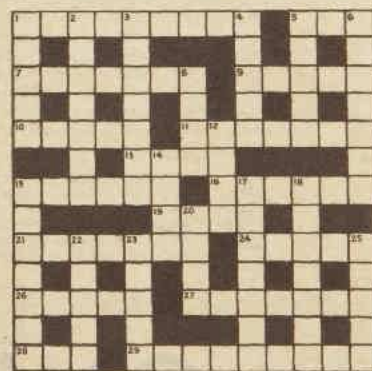
Solution will be published next week.



Solution to last week's crossword.

### DOWN

- Cross but no religious symbol (5).
- Par of Diana followed by a saintly insect (7).
- Collectable (7).
- South African antelope which seems to be mostly a land animal (5).
- Montezuma was the most famous (5).
- Throb ending in ripples (7).
- Saragosa is on its banks (4).
- No poker without it (4).
- Spoken between inferior alchemists (4).
- Parts of Latin verb (7).
- Repeat 1 down on the outside (7).
- Food for an insect full of lime (7).
- Nothing can be better (4).
- Deviation from truth (5).
- Anagram of 24 across (9).
- Eliminate person (5).





The news for now is

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yet peculiarly alive—as though it would crackle under the brush as mine did sometimes in a thunder-storm.

But it wasn't what I have been brought up to consider pretty hair. It couldn't compare with my Aunt Charlotte's. The face it haired was small and pale; the eyes looking back at me through the glass, grey, with short, dark lashes, were to me unbecomingly. Altogether I marvelled how my Uncle Stephen, used to the splendid Sylvester women, could have fallen in love with such a thin, pale, dusky little gipsy.

Miss Davis smiled, and from the littered dresser picked up a small paper bag.

"Do you like sweets, little girl?"

This put me in something of a quandary. I did like sweets, and though I couldn't have eaten one exactly then, might have saved it till morning; but all my real aunts set their faces against shop-made confectionery. (They said it was kept under shopkeepers' beds. Now and again, when they had time, they made me toffee; or sometimes I was allowed to make it for myself, from sugar and our own butter.)

The sweets in the proffered bag were fat satiny cushions, suspiciously striped, and moreover the bag itself was perfectly clean. I felt quite certain that my Aunt Grace would immediately have put all behind the fire. I was also afraid of catching scarlet fever. (Scarlet fever germs notoriously pulling beneath shopkeepers' beds.)

However, I had been specially instructed to be polite; so I took one with an appropriate mumble.

"If you're my little friend, you shall have sweets every morning," promised Miss Davis.

## Continuing . . . The Gipsy in the Parlor

(from page 38)

"Sit down, dear, on the bed, and talk to me."

I sat, but found I had nothing to say. I was quite glad when she began to ask me questions.

"I suppose I must be causing a great flutter here?" suggested she.

I thought this over. Children often understand when an adult questions them what meaning underlies the surface words. Recalling my aunts' enormous activities both above and below stairs, I nonetheless replied, No, I said everyone just seemed pleased.

"Which is the very sweetest thing I could have heard!" cried Miss Davis; but paused a moment while she brushed her hair right and left into a new halo. I waited.

"My dear Stephen told me what I might expect," said Miss Davis, brushing away, "but really, three such beauties!"

Gathering that she meant my aunts, I nodded.

"Still, Mrs. Toby is by far the handsomest. I'm sure that's generally accepted?"

Translating Mrs. Toby into my Aunt Charlotte, I muttered that I liked her hair.

"Beside which mine is no more than a sweep's mop?" agreed Miss Davis—I thought very properly. Even when she fluffed it out, it wasn't thick. "And as Mr. Toby's the eldest, and she's his wife—I suppose she has things pretty much her own way?"

I didn't know what to answer. Of course my Aunt Charlotte had things her own way—in the house; but as her way was so identically that of my other aunts Grace and

Rachel, the implication—which I sensed—was quite wrong. I picked my words.

"I don't think there's any difference," I explained. "I mean, all my aunts get their way, because it's the same. . . ."

My new Aunt Fanny regarded me, I thought, impatiently.

"The eldest is always the eldest," said she—and suddenly, with that little characteristic flicker, dropped her eyes. "And which of your uncles do you think the handsomest?" she asked.

I said Stephen. I knew he wasn't really, but I wished to give her pleasure. I thought it was with pleasure that she laughed. Just a little jet of laughter, higher-pitched than her usual tones.

**S**MILING at me then, Miss Davis said, "So we agree on all points. I see you really are to be my little friend. . . ."

I shifted uneasily on the bed. I was conscious that I ought really to be in my own. I was conscious that I hadn't somehow given the right answers to her questions. At the same time—and how often, during our relationship, was that phrase, that alternative, to recur!—at the same time, I was fascinated.

The semi-secrecy of the whole episode: the swift motion of Miss Davis' fingers as, still earnestly regarding me, she plaited up her hair; even the two big tortoiseshell combs with which at last she pinned it—all was unusual, and therefore fascinating. At last she fell silent, sitting to look, with a long scrutinizing gaze, at her own reflection; and I got up off the bed. She turned.

as a bride; she wouldn't climb down now and make jelly.

I threw myself into eager support of such aestheticism, and strove for hours, with a paper and a box of crayons, to immortalise the beauty of our crab.

That night (I return to my return to my own room) a brilliant moonlight drew me irresistibly to the window. It had been so hot all day that the wood of the window-seat was still faintly warm; I tucked up my nightgown to kneel on bare knees; the silk was warm under my elbows. Yet in the court below—what ravishment!—the crab-tree appeared frosted, so meticulously did the moon's white light rime every bough and twig. It was a little tree done in silver-point, and so beautiful, thus colorless, that I mentally renounced my chalks forever.

I stared out, ravished—and as I gazed, saw the tree's cast shadow (where it lay most spreadingly, a stencilled pagoda) disengage a shadow that moved.

Out of the shadow of the crab-tree stepped first the shadow, then the figure, of Fanny Davis, whom I had just left seated at her dressing-table.

She stood looking at the house. I saw her plainly. It was no trick of moonlight; no moon-trick ever produced image so solid, likeness so exact. I saw her.

My panic, for it was panic, fixed itself on one point: that the night see me. I crouched down on the window-seat, flattening myself below the sill; thence at last to slide stiffly to the floor and creep into my cold bed.

With morning, of course, everything became explicable.

I saw that I had made an error in judging what time elapsed since I left Miss Davis' room. No doubt I ran straight from her door to the window-seat; but quite probably fell straight asleep on it. It could have been an hour later, or two hours, before I awoke to see Fanny Davis under the crab. (I was perfectly certain it was no dream.)

As to why she was there, my romantic imagination easily supplied an answer: she had gone to meet my Uncle Stephen. I have already described the milling jollity of their welcome; the one thing no one seemed to have imagined for one instant was that the lovers might wish some little time alone. . . .

I was so pleased with my perspicacity I ran out early to examine the ground under the little tree. I hoped to find footprints—here narrow and pointed, my Uncle Stephen's horseshoe-broad. But there had been no rain for a week; the ground about the crab was like iron. Assemblies could have danced there without leaving a trace.

The wedding was set for a month off, just time (so all Sylvesters wedded) to call the banns; the betwixt-and-between interval, while Fanny Davis hung poised between maiden- and matron-hood, was characterised, so to speak, by being uncharacterised.

It was a month just like any other. Nothing was changed. The torrent of my aunts' talk rushed loud and unceasing through the house with never a new note in it.

Admittedly one had to be quick, one had to shout to get a word in, and Miss Davis' voice was peculiarly soft; but in the early days at least my

To page 42



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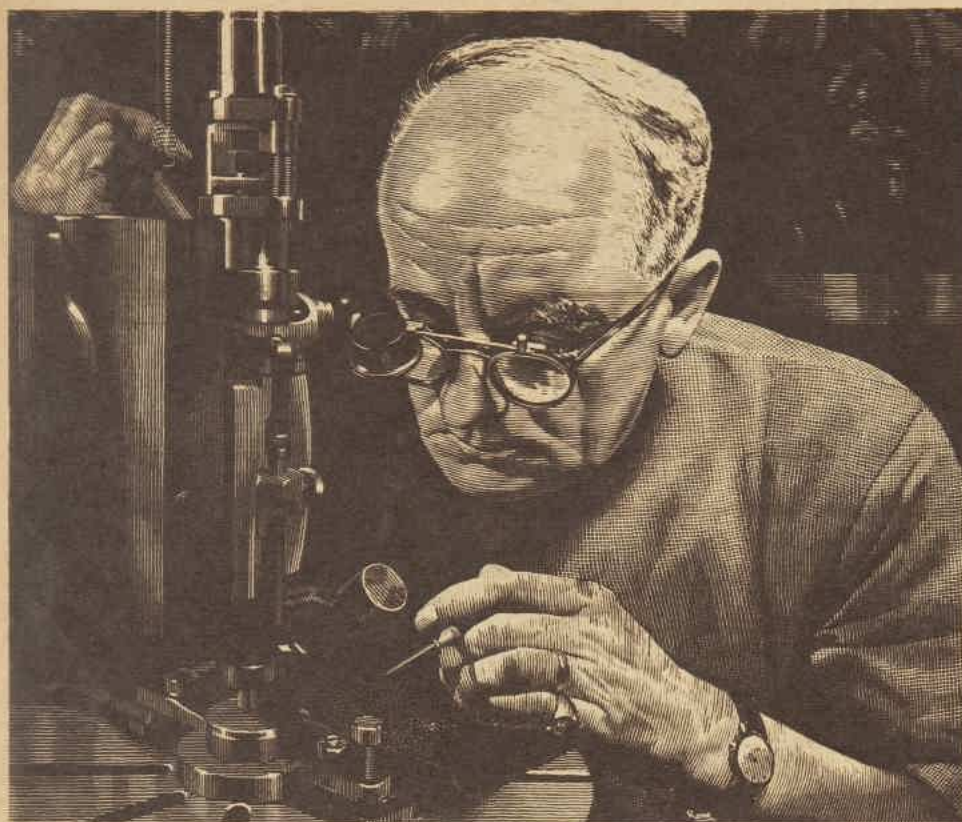
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*Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard*

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



## Continuing . . . The Gipsy in the Parlor

*from page 40*

aunts used actually to pause, to check themselves and wait, to give her a chance. Miss Davis never seemed to wish to take it.

She seemed to have nothing to say. She had neither opinions nor tastes. She hadn't even an appetite. The amount she left on her plate would have fed a ploughboy—I believe often did feed a ploughboy; she made no more impression on the viands than did her extra place at the table itself.

It was such a large table it could easily have accommodated, besides the eight Sylvesters and myself, half-a-dozen more such wrens as Fanny.

So the Sylvesters women came gradually to ignore her. They didn't mean to. The original joke, the joke of Stephen's finding himself a wife, still aroused in them the old hilarity. It was odd, sometimes, to hear them go off in a reminiscent gale of laughter, of which the very cause and spring sat quietly by.

They had meant to cosset Stephen's bride, uncommonly, perhaps, spoil her a little, as they spoil him. But how could they, when she slipped so unobtrusively about that one never knew, without looking, whether she was or wasn't in the room? When she uttered never a "no," always a "yes," to every proposal?

She didn't even choose her marriage chamber. I knew I was to be dispossessed, as soon as I went home, of my room above the grass-plot—but on the say-so of my Aunt Charlotte.

"'Tis the best that's left," she coaxed me. "'Tis the one most fitting. When 'ee comes back next year us'll hang new curtains for 'ee where Fanny bides now; maybe there'll be a new carpet. 'Twill be so pretty, 'ee did never see the like. . . ."

If I didn't protest, it was because I knew something my aunts didn't; and I thought Fanny Davis must have said something—uttered perhaps no more than some half-caught words which none the less lodged in Charlotte's memory—denoting a wish to look out forever on our crab. If so, I considered it highly romantic. I was as avid, that year, for romance, lent me by our cook at home, as I had once been for fairy-tales.

I think now that perhaps Fanny shared my taste, for as the days passed, as it became increasingly obvious that she understood nothing whatever of the female work of a farm, my aunts' uninhibited questioning drew forth a highly romantic history.

It was romantically vague. Of her childhood, even of her young girlhood, the most that could be discovered was a sort of shadow-novelle.

A father deceased before she could remember him nonetheless trailed clouds of glory; hints of aristocratic connections at once explained and made impressive an absence of paternal relations so complete as to have been otherwise suspicious. Her mother, also in the grave, had been so distinguished for ethereal beauty that her early death occasioned no surprise. If it seemed likely that she had also been a milliner, that was simply because Fanny Davis herself was so apprenticed.

This last was the single fact possible to check, impossible to disguise; my Uncle Stephen having first encountered her in a milliner's shop.

"Whatever was he at, dear soul?" marvelled my Aunt Rachel.

"Him saw she through the window," said my Aunt Grace. "And what did he see? I be proper baffled," said my simple Aunt Rachel. "If 'twas any one of us, for example, 'twould make sense. . . ." She turned—I was with them in the

kitchen for baking-day, so I saw her—and in a scrap of mirror preened her long, milk-colored throat. She was in fact the beauty of them all; and modestly but thoroughly knew it.

"Hark to me, bors," said my Aunt Charlotte. "There's women catch men by beauty and others that catch 'em by worth. Us three, and why not speak it, caught our men by both."

"So far as concerns Matthew, 'twas all made up, 'twas 'ee and I," said my Aunt Grace calmly.

"Ah, but he'd never have taken 'ee without your beauty," retorted Charlotte. "That's a Sylvesters male all over—wants the earth and also the moon. But there's some women catches 'em by something other; 'tis not beauty—for to me Fanny's no more than an emmet—and not by worth, for she knows naught to any purpose. 'Ee might call it a kind of female charm; which I say she must possess, or how would young Stephen be so beguiled?"

"You say it, but do 'ee see it?" demanded my Aunt Grace.

"No," said my Aunt Charlotte. "But I might, were I a male."

There was a short pause. I think I was forgotten—by this time I was under the table, eating cats out of pastry.

"Charlotte: what's she to do here?" asked my Aunt Grace point-blank.

"Trim up our bonnets," said Charlotte, laughing.

Thus good-humoredly, tolerantly, almost off-handedly, they accepted Stephen's choice; no doubt feeling the Sylvesters strong enough to afford, as a sort of luxury, this little, last, useless luxury.

Fanny Davis did nothing all day long.

It was astonishing to me, in an adult. I suppose that in a sense I did nothing either—or nothing useful; but I was so perpetually running after my aunts or strumming on the piano, or loitering about the yard or drawing the crab-tree, that I certainly couldn't have been called inactive. Fanny Davis did nothing but sit at a window or wander about the house. (She liked to look at things, particularly in the parlour: she liked looking at the lustre-ware in the cabinet, which I once or twice fouled her handling, and at the big unstrung harp.)

This moony behaviour took us some little time to get used to; but my aunts had decided upon tolerance, and they were also, I feel, a trifle guiltily aware that they ought to take her more firmly in hand. The truth was that they were all too efficient to make good teachers, save of underlings who could be bawled at.

It cost them so much not to bawl at Fanny—when she bungled her first baking of bread, for instance, or when her butter wouldn't come, or when she couldn't tell a pullet from a cockerel—that they tacitly agreed to spare their pains. In addition, my Aunt Charlotte produced what today would be called an alibi by declaring that Fanny would soon find business of her own.

"They small, delicate souls being often remarkable breeders," stated my Aunt Charlotte. "I've seen 'em time without number bring forth twins like bible ewes."

It occurred to no one that Fanny Davis possessed at least one quite striking capacity besides: the ability to seize a

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ENGLISH GARDEN. Elegant delphiniums in blue and in pale rose shot with purple and blue, graceful heuchera, multi-colored aquilegias, lupins, vivid astilbes, salixes, and campanulas are used to make this garden colorful. The garden was exhibited by Winkfield Manor Nurseries, Ascot, at the Chelsea Flower Show, England.

## ELEGANT DELPHINIUMS

● Blue in the garden is always a joy, because apart from its own beauty it is an ideal contrast for other colors.

THERE is no more wonderful blue than the blue of delphiniums.

Try to plant delphiniums in clumps of three to five or more in the nearest thing you have to a herbaceous border, for the spikes look most spectacular when mixed with other flowering plants.

Landscape gardeners recommend restricting clump plantings to one variety, because by doing this it is reasonable to expect that all plants will bloom more or less together.

There are many varieties of hybrid. Kelway hybrids are the tall types so popular with delphinium fanciers; the belladonna types are moderate sized; the butterfly delphiniums are dwarf varieties, generally considered to be annuals, which grow only about 12 inches tall.

In favorable climates the dwarf "annuals" can be treated quite satisfactorily as biennials and kept two years. Have a look at the end of the first season and see if the butterflies have formed a small crown just under the soil level. If so, it is well worth keeping them for another year.

There is also considerable variation in the habit of growth, some types being much more spreading than others.

Each type is built up of many strains which vary greatly in color.

Delphiniums can be raised from fresh seed sown in early autumn, or, in cool mountain climates, in spring. They can be grown from crowns which develop by the second year.

Delphinium seed does not retain its viability for long, and to ensure good germination it should be sown as soon

as possible after it is gathered. If this cannot be done for any reason, keep the seed for the minimum time in an air-tight packet or jar well sealed.

The seedlings won't develop properly unless the seed-box is well drained. When this has been done, fill the box with a mixture of two parts garden loam and one part sand. Firm it well down and sow the seed in shallow drills scratched over the surface with a stick. Cover the seed with a thin layer—about one-tenth of an inch—of the soil mixture which has been finely sieved. Water the box with a fine spray, keeping the soil damp.

If there is a good strike, the seedlings may be too crowded for proper development, and

mediate ones require about 18 inches.

The seedlings should bloom the following January, and if they are cut back after flowering to below the bottom flower they will flower again.

In the first year don't allow more than three flowering spikes to develop on each plant.

Select the strongest ones and cut out the rest, to ensure that the crown develops well.

Plants should be well staked even in the first year, as the long, heavily loaded spikes are inclined to be brittle. Allow three stakes per plant, placing them outside it. Then tie around them, thus leaving the plant free to move within the stakes.

During the first and every following summer delphiniums must be well watered, because they are very susceptible to dry soil conditions. It also pays to mulch them with compost and apply weak liquid manure once every 10 days or so during flowering.

Plants wither in winter and rest. If desired, the crowns can be lifted very carefully and bedded down in a nursery bed until growth starts again in the spring.

When the shoots are three to four inches long the crowns can be lifted again for division and replanting. Carefully wash the soil off with a fine spray, so that all shoots can be clearly seen and any decayed part of the crown can be cut away. Then cut the crown into pieces, using a sharp knife and allowing one or two strong shoots and plenty of healthy roots to each piece.

Replant the split crowns in well-prepared soil as recommended for seedlings, and be sure that the top of the crown is just above the surface.

## GARDENING

should be pricked out during early winter into another box and spaced three inches apart.

Seedlings grow quickly, and autumn sowings will be ready for transplanting into the garden in spring.

So prepare the bed thoroughly during the winter, digging it deeply, and adding plenty of lime, which is a necessity.

Delphiniums are voracious feeders and succeed best in rich, deep, well-drained loams which have been bolstered with compost or rotted animal manure. This should be done four to six weeks after the liming.

Distance between seedlings depends on the variety. The tall kinds have a generous spread as a rule, so give them two feet each way in the border or three feet for exhibition purposes. The dwarf types need only nine to 12 inches spacing. The inter-

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### thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

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## Continuing . . . The Gipsy in the Parlor

from page 42

chance. No doubt it meant little enough when Stephen stared at her through a window that she smiled modestly back; not much more that she allowed him (he, thus encouraged, waiting outside the shop) to escort her for a stroll along the waterfront; the milliner-society of Plymouth no doubt winked at such slight irregularities. But it was actually the same evening that Stephen made his bid for her, and she took him next day.

She had nothing but her wits to guide her. If it is just possible some Plymouth tradesman knew the Sylvesters by repute, Fanny had hardly time to make inquiry. Stephen himself no doubt bore certain marks of prosperity, and there was the Sylvester gig stabled at his inn; his person was good, particularly if one hadn't seen his brothers, and his intention plain. But, essentially Fanny had to rely on her own wits, and her decision to take him was uncommonly quick, bold, and opportunist.

With equal boldness, that decision once taken, she burnt her boats—abandoned her shop, packed her bag, and got into the gig.

My aunts put all this down to Stephen's masterfulness: saw Fanny idle, passive, will-less as a weather-vane, and came gradually to ignore her. I must remember that they were, also, at this time, pre-occupied by a slight skirmish with my uncle, a belated engagement, so to speak, after long armistice, in the old Sylvester war.

It began with a letter. Everything happened that summer; this letter arrived immediately upon Stephen's. Letters came more rarely to the farm than might be supposed; we had, or should have had, seven overseas correspondents. But all Sylvesters shared an ineradicable distaste for penmanship, and if their sons scrawled a line apiece each Christmastide my aunts were perfectly content.

They wrote, no oftener themselves—though they, at Christmas, also despatched parcels. To receive a letter in mid-August was therefore almost a cause for alarm; big and brave as she was, Charlotte opened it quakingly. How extra joyful then its contents! It was from Australia: her eldest son, Charlie, was coming home.

Charlotte bawled the good news from one end of the house to the other; her sisters-in-law rejoiced with her. The male Sylvesters, however, were less responsive; Tobias, in particular, showing no enthusiasm whatever at the prospect of his son's return.

For once one could tell what he was thinking: one gathered the impression—he emanated, still silently, the strong impression—that he disapproved. Charlie's letter spoke of no business to bring him home. Except on business, Sylvesters didn't voyage. They didn't squander their cash. If they had cash to spare, they put it into land.

Somewhat, behind Tobias' silence, some such thoughts could be felt astir; and my Aunt Charlotte lost patience with him.

"What all they Sylvesters overlook," observed she tartly, "is the fact that they be mortal. B'aint Charlie eldest son of eldest son? B'aint he in due course to rule after Tobias?" "Twas never a very clever act to me, to let 'un go foreign; and 'tis but nature he've a longing to watch over what in time's to be his own."

Nothing can speak more strongly for the relations between the three women than that my Aunt Grace and Rachel thoroughly agreed with her. It was always understood among them that all cousins together retained right, so to speak, of return. If they prospered and took root overseas, well and good; if not, the farm should receive them back.

What my aunts visualised, and I think almost hoped for, was a new-old pattern repeating itself: Charlie in his father's place, with his kinsmen to back him. They were all a good deal younger than their husbands—Sylvester men marrying late, Sylvester women early; it was natural in them to look to the future. But one couldn't put such a view to Tobias, or Matthew, or Luke; all male Sylvesters, as my Aunt Charlotte observed, resolutely considering themselves immortal.

MY Aunt Charlotte didn't attack her Tobias directly; she merely prepared, rather elaborately, the big southward-looking attic. She merely said a word or two in Frampton—so that Tobias, on market day, had a word or two said to him. But she neither sought nor allowed argument, and after the first day or two my Cousin Charles wasn't much spoken of.

There was no exact date to look forward to—there wasn't even a date on his letter; and Stephen's marriage was imminent.

My aunts were determined to spread the grandest marriage feast yet, a feast to astound all Frampton. They were so busy from morning till night they hadn't time for Fanny Davis. Admittedly there could be no feast without her; but, except for her mere physical presence, they needed her no more, with-indeed, than their menfolk needed her without.

All therefore conspired to make me Fanny's little friend.

To me, and to me alone, Fanny talked. We had long conversations together, chiefly in the parlor, where I, drifting in for a bout of "Chopsticks," so often found her before me. I remember the first of these sessions most accurately from its unpromising beginning to its delicious close.

She began by questioning me about my life in London, a topic which I disliked. While I was at the farm I wanted to be at the farm, altogether, as though I lived there.

But Miss Davis' sharp little questions prodded the answers out of me, she was soon in possession of our address (Bayswater), the size of our house (seven bedrooms), the number of maids we kept (three), and

my father's profession. When I told her he was a Queen's Counsel she looked impressed.

"He'll be quite in the top set among lawyers, then?"

I said I supposed so. "And no doubt your mother's a smart lady? Gives dinner-parties and all that?"

I nodded dumbly. My mother did give dinner-parties; I hated them. They made the servants cross all day, cook grumbled about bricks without straw; the guests, invited on the strict cutlet-for-a-cutlet system, never generated the least social warmth. I used to look down at them through the banisters as they went cheerlessly home, and wonder not only why my mother asked them but why they came.

"If ever I'm in London, perhaps she'll ask me," suggested Fanny Davis.

I couldn't think of anything less likely. My mother's cutlet-for-a-cutlet rule was abrogated only in the case of judges. Moreover, why should Fanny Davis ever be in London? No Sylvester travelled farther than Plymouth—or, of course, Australia.

Perhaps something of this showed in my face; some dubity, even scorn; at once my new Aunt Fanny, changing her whole aspect, bent on me a most sweet and romantic look.

"It's just that I should be so proud," she explained, "to show off my handsome hubby. If you ever love, dear, and are fortunate enough to win the man of your choice, you will enter into my feelings."

All my defences fell. I thrilled responsively. How could I not? Cook had been lending me two novelettes a week all the winter.

"I don't suppose I'll ever have the chance," I mumbled.

"Of course you will, dear," affirmed Miss Davis positively. "With those eyes and that hair I've no doubt you'll be quite pursued. It's only that your unusual character may make you difficult to please; which is why perhaps he may need winning."

When she said things like that to me—and she was to say them constantly—I was her little friend indeed. For she made me, too, a figure of romance—at least potentially.

In time the man of my choice took recognisable shape: I decided that he would be a medical missionary. This rather bothered Fanny, because I was going to be so beautiful; we compromised on the hope that my beauty would be the saintly kind, leading men's thoughts to higher, not lower, levels.

She often warned me on this point, telling me beauty was a fatal snare; more colloquially adding that a pretty friend of hers used to be so pestered by chaps in Plymouth she married in haste to repent at leisure. When I offered the example of my aunts, whose looks seemed to have done them no harm at all, Fanny sighed that some had all the luck.

Our conversation in general was high-minded, sentimental.

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

BY RUD





## Continuing . . . The Gipsy in the Parlor

(from page 44)

and unreal, like the conversations in Cook's novelettes. We talked, in fact, just like a couple of milliners.

That we didn't talk much about Uncle Stephen at first both surprised and disappointed me; gradually I came to suspect that Fanny herself, in a different way, had been surprised and disappointed, too.

I thought she must have expected to see more of him: she wasn't used to farm ways, to the two modes of life, the male and the female, running concurrently but almost separately. Moreover, little as we saw any of the men (except at table, where they silently filled themselves, and on Sundays, when they mostly slept) we saw Stephen even less. He had returned to his natural place as youngest—took naturally all the hardest tasks, stayed longest with the harvesters, turned out earliest to the cows, and on Sundays did duty for four.

No Sylvester saw any reason why he shouldn't. His courting was presumed to have been got over in Plymouth, his wedding was settled: how then could his status as Fanny's betrothed affect his primary status as youngest brother? So would have reasoned, I have no doubt, any Sylvester who thought about it. I have equally no doubt they never thought about it at all.

All the same, I saw how natural it was for Fanny to be a little dissatisfied. I wondered if they met again sometimes by night under the crab. I wondered if they met every night. I longed to find out, but honor forbade spying; also I was a very sound sleeper.

Just once, about mid-month, after a supper of cold goose, I did wake up at the right time—at least all the house was still—and did slip to the window; but the night was so dark I could see nothing had there been anything for me to see.

I was Fanny Davis' little friend; I might have been her little bridesmaid. She suggested it with flattering diffidence, hoping I wasn't too grand, so

that besides achieving an ambition I should have had also the pleasant sense of conferring a favor.

But alas for us both! At last I realised, or rather faced, the lamentable fact that I shouldn't even be at the wedding. Dates defeated us. My day of departure couldn't be postponed, because of the opening of the school-term, nor Fanny's marriage day put forward because of the ban. Exactly five days defrauded me of pink spotted muslin and a rosebud wreath, or, alternatively, blue with forget-me-nots.

When I wistfully inquired where these glories would have been procured, Fanny Davis instantly explained that she meant to send my measurements to Plymouth, to the first-class dressmaker engaged on her trousseau.

"Anyway, I'll be able to see that," said I.

Fanny Davis laughed lightly. "Don't you know, dear, all real lace has to be whipped on? I expect nothing till the last moment—and if I walk up the aisle with tackings in, Madame Rose will still have worked wonders."

When I repeated this to my aunts I was surprised to see how little impressed they were. They merely looked at one another, for once silent until my Aunt Grace rather sharply bade me run and play.

As I see now, they were in a quandary.

Though the news of our bride's arrival naturally aroused a great deal of local interest, she had not so far been presented to the neighborhood.

The fact was that my aunts, in their first flush of enthusiasm, had talked a little rashly. Expectation was pitched too high. They were so sure Stephen would bring home another beauty like themselves, they boasted in advance of Fanny's handsomeness—loudly prophesying, and with equal complacency, their own eclipse and the bedazzlement of their friends.

To make matters worse, such was their prestige that the very fact that they didn't at once take Miss Davis round visiting merely heightened expectation again. It was the general opinion that she was being kept back for the Assembly, there to burst upon and bedazzle the whole neighborhood at once.

Certainly the timing would have been perfect; the Assembly Ball, held at the George Hotel in Frampton, would take place just three days before the wedding. I should miss that, too, but this ordinarily would have been no loss. I was used to missing Assemblies, I was in any case too young to go, and my aunts' descriptions of them had hitherto satisfied me.

Almost too well: their triple account, reiterated and expanded year by year, offered a picture so splendid and complex—such a farrago of light, color, music, and movement that my own first dance in London was a bitter disappointment. (Indeed, in all my life, the only function that ever came up to my idea of Frampton Assembly was the third act of *The Sleeping Beauty*, as performed by the Ballet Russe.)

This year, however, I fretted almost as much over the Assembly as I fretted over the wedding. I caught the infection from my aunts, who themselves came as near to fretting as their constitutions allowed.

One thing was certain: to the Assembly Fanny must go. The Sylvester women hadn't missed one in years. They were a part of the spectacle themselves, their size and their handsomeness and the fact that there were three of them made them as much looked-out-for as the Lord-Lieutenant. (The Lord-Lieutenant looked out for them. He used to pay them a compliment apiece every year.)

When they sat all in a row, their three big husbands standing behind them, they were the finest sight in Devonshire. No doubt it was this completeness

of social success that cast such a glow over their accounts to me: my aunts envied no one, were not shocked by the gentry's bare shoulders (their own so richly covered), and in fact enjoyed Frampton Assembly just as I imagined it—that is, ideally.

This year they had to take Fanny.

No one felt the situation more keenly than Charlotte. She hadn't a jealous bone in her body: to produce one sister-in-law after the other, each as striking as herself, had been to Charlotte both a glorious joke and a Sylvester triumph. If she could have turned Fanny Davis into a beauty she would have done so at once, sooner than disappoint the Assembly with an emmet.

Witchcraft lacking, Fanny Davis continued small, plain, and thin.

This last was her worst disability of all. It was irretrievable. What cannot be triumphed in may still be carried off, a sister-in-law merely small and plain reflects no positive discredit. Fanny Davis, at least by local standards, looked half-starved as well.

She had wrists and ankles like chicken bones, arms like wands. She looked as though she didn't get enough to eat. And with the best will in the world Charlotte could do nothing about that either. She knew, her eye for stock told her, that no amount of good feeding ever would flesh Fanny up; but the eyes of the Assembly might be less informed. . . .

As always, the sisters-in-law thought as one.

"If folks declare we're starving her," stated my Aunt Grace baldly, "they'll have every right and reason."

"Couldn't 'ee drop a word as to my cream?" suggested Aunt Rachel. "Fanny gets my cream to her porridge every breakfast—fourpennyworth."

"Us never talked dairy-maid

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## Continuing . . The Gipsy in the Parlor

[from page 45]

at the Assembly yet," said my Aunt Grace proudly. "I say, let 'em take her as they find her—as we're bound to do; and if any unkind, malicious word be said, I'm sure the Sylvester back's strong enough to bear it."

They spoke; my Aunt Charlotte acted. She went alone in to Frampton and came back with a length of silk brocade for which she had paid two guineas a yard.

We were all summoned to the parlor to see it unwrapped. The great broad folds were peacock-colored, changing at every ripple from blue to amethyst; figured with a small golden sprig, and so stiff that they fell in pyramids. It came from France, but there was also something of the East in it; and if Charlotte had been the greatest dressmaker in the world, she could have found nothing better suited to beauty a gipsy.

"There 'tis, bors," said my Aunt Charlotte. "Fanny's dress for the Assembly—and it cost two guineas a yard."

I think that was the only time I ever saw Fanny Davis show gratitude. Not in words; but she dropped to her knees, and pulled a stiff, glowing fold across her mouth, while her eyes (they looked like eyes above a yashmak) burned with pleasure.

"Charlotte!" breathed my Aunt Rachel. "Tis fit—tis fit for the Queen!"

"'Ee never found that to Frampton," stated my Aunt Grace.

"Brewers' in High Street," retorted Charlotte coolly. "See what 'tis to have a long memory. Thomas Brewer laid it in ten years back, looking to Mrs. Pomfret being Mayor's lady. But the dropsy took her first, poor toad, and he's been loaded with it ever since. He'd ha' charged her three."

"Three or two, who'm be paying for it?" demanded Grace sharply.

"I be," said my Aunt Charlotte, with Norfolk aplomb. "Tis my wedding-gift to Fanny, with which I trust she be content."

All eyes, naturally, turned upon Fanny, who rose to the occasion by weeping. She would actually have wiped her eyes on the silk, had not my Aunt Grace snatched it away and substituted her own handkerchief.

"'E'll have to make it up yourself," warned Charlotte. "All Frampton's busy for the Assembly. Can 'ee do it in the time?"

"Yes, indeed!" breathed Fanny Davis. (No one except myself, even at the time I thought it odd, seemed to remember the first-rate dressmaker in Plymouth.) "Dear Mrs. Toby," breathed Fanny Davis, "I shall labor night and day!"

So she did; and so did I. We had no sewing-machine. Every stitch in that dress had to be put in by hand, and the stitches were innumerable. Distrustful as she proved of my abilities, Fanny Davis nonetheless needed me; I could at least oversee a seam.

I worked, during those last days, like a milliner's apprentice. I am sure my mother would have disapproved; I doubt whether my aunts knew. I am sure at least they didn't know I worked in bed, sitting up beside a candle.

It was simply necessary. I recall a fashion only just less remote than the crinoline: an enormous skirt, seamed, gored and flounced, gathered back over the rudimentary bustle, below a bodice skin-tight and

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provocatively scooped. A milliner and a milliner's apprentice could only just stitch such a dress in the time.

I sewed until my thimble-finger was ridged. Outside, the last splendid days of summer shouted to me; I couldn't listen. We worked in Fanny's own room; neither parlor nor kitchen knew me more. We even ate in Fanny's room—I sent down to beg a tray from the big table.

I remember that once my Aunt Charlotte took it from my hands, and told me to take my usual place, and after sent me in to Frampton with my Aunt

### Brisbane girl's film success

AN Australian girl who has just signed an £11,000 film contract with Sir Alexander Korda in England has no ambition to become a movie star.

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You can read Diane's success story in the March 23 issue of A.M.

Grace. I remember also the sense of guilt with which I later presented myself to Fanny Davis, to resume my seam.

I was quite happy as a milliner's apprentice. Our endless flow of gossip—studded with illustrious names, spiced with scandal—kept my mind as amused as my fingers were busy; always in the background, ever ready to spring forward and revive my flagging interest. If that last week at the farm was unlike any other week I ever spent there—nonetheless I enjoyed it.

As a consolation for not seeing her go to the Assembly my new Aunt Fanny, the afternoon before I left, put on her tacked-up gown for me to admire our joint handiwork. I gazed and gazed.

The stiff peacock-blue stuff showed up her tiny bosom whiter than ivory; the enormous spreading skirt not only gave her whole person substance, but made the smallness of her waist appear unnatural, the result of tight-lacing, therefore desirable. I stammered out quite honestly that she would be the best of them all.

All the same, it was only my Aunt Charlotte who that night could console me. I was mourning a little, in my bed—pushing my face into the pillow, snivelling a little—when she came to my room to bid me an extra good-night.

"'E'll be back next year, my

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## When a dentist finds MOUTH ODOUR ... here's what he does!



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# Knights of old in color spectacle



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★ Battle and conquest, romance, intrigue, and story-book adventures of 6th century England revive in Metro's elaborate Cinema-Scope production of "Knights of the Round Table."

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JEALOUS SCHEMERS (centre) Modred (Stanley Baker) and Morgan le Fay (Anne Crawford) are foiled in a plan to discredit Guinevere and Lancelot with the King. Elaine, a lady-in-waiting (Maureen Swanson, right), marries Lancelot.

LANCELOT (Robert Taylor, above), King Arthur's faithful knight and friend, prepares to cast the sword Excalibur into the sea and seek revenge on wicked Modred. They meet in a duel to the death near a pool of quicksand.







**CHIVALROUS WARRIOR** King Arthur (Mel Ferrer) pays homage to Guinevere (Ava Gardner). Arthur unwittingly furthers the ill-starred love of Guinevere and Lancelot by appointing him the Queen's champion. Enemies make much of the association.

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## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★★ Roman Holiday

PARAMOUNT'S comedy-romance "Roman Holiday" brings the fable of the princess and the commoner up to date in the most engaging way imaginable.

The picture co-stars two delightful people—young actress-dancer Audrey Hepburn, who plays a princess who is "next in line for the throne" of an unspecified country, and Gregory Peck as an American correspondent working in Rome.

Their romance develops against sun-drenched backgrounds and colorful landmarks of the Italian capital, and its true-to-life spirit is both refreshing and satisfying to the audience.

As the story goes, Princess Audrey behaves impeccably while carrying out dull official duties during a goodwill tour of Europe, but yearns for some fun.

In Rome, after her doctor administers a sedative, she

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

sneaks out of the embassy to see the sights, but falls asleep and is taken under the wing of newspaperman Peck.

He realises who she is, sets out to get a scoop for his news bureau, and they fall in love during the princess' 24 hours of freedom.

As an expatriate photographer who follows the princess around during her Roman holiday, snapping her picture with a varied assortment of candid cameras, Eddie Albert is excellent.

A word of praise, too, for director William Wyler's use of native actors for some of the smaller roles, such as a taxi-driver and a volatile Roman hairdresser.

In Sydney—State.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Malta Story," war drama, starring Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Muriel Pavlow. Plus ★★ "Royal Symphony," full-length documentary feature in technicolor.

CENTURY.—★★★ "The Moon Is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★ "Mr. Potts Goes to Moscow," comedy, starring George Cole, Nadia Gray, Oscar Homolka. Plus ★★ "Prince Philip," featurette.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Go, Man, Go," basketball drama, starring Dane Clark, Patricia Breslin, the Harlem Globetrotters. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ "Easy to Love," technicolor musical romance, starring Esther Williams, Van Johnson, Tony Martin. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "The Love Lottery," technicolor comedy, starring David Niven, Anne Vernon, Peggy Cummins. Plus "Royal New Zealand Journey," color feature.

LYRIC.—★★★ "Walking My Baby Back Home," technicolor musical, starring Donald O'Connor, Janet Leigh. Plus ★ "Son of Ali Baba," technicolor fantasy, starring Tony Curtis. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★★ "Rob Roy," technicolor period adventure, starring Richard Todd, Glynis Johns. Plus "The Sea Around Us," Academy Award winning technicolor feature.

PLAZA.—★★★ "How to Marry a Millionaire," technicolor CinemaScope comedy, starring Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall, Betty Grable, Cameron Mitchell. Plus "Coronation Parade," technicolor CinemaScope feature.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Scared Stiff," comedy, starring Dean Jagger, Jerry Lewis, Elizabeth Scott, Carmen Miranda. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "The Robe," technicolor CinemaScope biblical drama, starring Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "One Summer of Happiness," Swedish-language drama, starring Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist. Plus ★★ "Ukrainian Concert Hall," color music feature.

STATE.—★★★ "Roman Holiday," romantic comedy, starring Gregory Peck, Audrey Hepburn. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Rhapsody," technicolor musical drama, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★★ "Four in a Jeep," drama, starring Viveca Lindfors, Ralph Meeker. Plus "The Link," feature.

VICTORY.—★ "Thunder in the East," action drama, starring Alan Ladd, Deborah Kerr, Charles Boyer. Plus ★ "Hurricane Smith," technicolor adventure, starring Yvonne de Carlo, John Ireland, Richard Arlen.

### Films not yet reviewed

PALACE.—★ "Blue Grass of Kentucky," cinecolor drama, starring Bill Williams, Jane Nigh. Plus "I Was an American Spy," drama, starring Ann Dvorak, Gene Evans.

PARK.—★ "Cow Country," Western starring Edmund O'Brien, Helen Westcott. Plus ★ "Too Late for Tears," thriller, starring Elizabeth Scott, Dan Duryea, Arthur Kennedy. (Re-release.)

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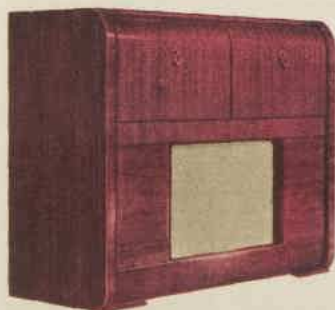
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1. **ORPHANS** Harry (Jon Whiteley) and Davy (Vincent Winter), left, are taken by the local doctor (Theodore Bikel) to live with their grandfather in a tiny Nova Scotian community.



2. **TYRANNOUS** Grandfather (Duncan Macrae) makes life a misery for the children. Grandmother (Jean Anderson) and Aunt Kirsty (Adrienne Corri) are of little comfort to the lads.



3. **UNHAPPY** in their new home, they are not allowed to have a dog, and find consolation in a picture of a setter, which they hide.

## The Kidnappers

★ "The Kidnappers" (J. A. Rank) tells the story of the humanising effect of two small orphan boys on an unhappy home ruled by their martinet grandfather. The film is set against a background of a harsh and primitive Nova Scotian community at the beginning of the century. The children are played by 8-year-old Jon Whiteley and new Scots discovery 5-year-old Vincent Winter. Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, and Adrienne Corri are the adult stars.



4. **FINDING** a lost baby in the woods, Harry and Davy keep it as a pet. On it they lavish all the affection they miss at home.



5. **INJURED** when she leaves home after a fierce argument with her father, Kirsty is brought home by the posse out looking for the missing baby. The posse arrests Harry as the kidnapper of the lost child.



6. **ARRESTED**, Harry has to stand trial. Remorseful, Grandfather defends Harry. He is acquitted, and they return home with the promise that the boys will have their dog.

## ★ As I read the stars ★

★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Satisfaction over a personal matter could brighten March 16. While March 18 may be a mixed bag, March 21 cleans up odds and ends.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): Your heart may go pit-a-tat with pleasure, March 19; an honor may be received or promotion in your job.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Don't quarrel with the boss, at work or at home; you'll regret it. March 22 is excellent for job-hunters, extra money, or responsibility.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): A brainwave, a lucky strike, a happy circumstance may carry you on to success, March 16, but avoid antagonising associates, March 18.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): An enterprise booming, March 16, may encounter serious obstacles, March 19. Do not attempt to push it through. Bide your time.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): Tangled emotions, squabbles, arguments may cloud March 17 and embroil you with someone you love. You can make things right at rain, March 22.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): If you have to do with catering for women's needs, March 19 ups your prestige and, perhaps, pay; it favors beauty and dress, March 20, drab.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): Ideas of tempting fate, or fortune, may be dangerous in odd ways, March 16. You may both lose and gain, March 21.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): Grand enterprises worked out, March 16, may be cut down, March 18, but March 21 shows improvements on the original plan. There's a better way to your goal.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): Relatives may play a prominent part in your affairs, or neighbors may cooperate for mutual benefit, March 17. The morning of March 22 is fine for business.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Any agreement signed, March 18, should be satisfactory. March 21 might be a good time to institute a new budget; you'll be surprised at results.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): A little visit from Lady Luck might help you in a social or personal matter, March 16. March 17 gives you an unexpected lift.



## Continuing . . . The Gipsy in the Parlor

lamb," she assured me. "E'll see, 'twill be all the same."

Wretched as I was, her mere presence, as always, made me feel better. I put up my hand and pulled, as I had been used to do when I was much smaller, at one of her big plaits—for she was ready for bed herself, with no more than a Paisley shawl over her flannel nightgown.

At my gentle tug she laughed, and bent over me, and gave me one of her rare kisses. Her big body smelled of hay and lavender, her thick tawny fringe tickled my face: I had once again the sensation of being loved and protected (and almost smothered) by a great golden, benevolent cat.

"Your hair's like fur," I said. "Like a lion's mane."

She laughed again, and sat back, and in turn pulled at a thick braid. Then I saw her face change; she had found, among the tawny strands of grey.

"I'm an old woman, dear heart," sighed my Aunt Charlotte. "I'm nigh on fifty . . . I'd pull 'un out, save that seven would come to the funeral."

"Fanny's is black as the men's," I remarked idly.

"'Twill still show grey before Stephen's, as mine do ere Tobias'," said Charlotte. "Females age sooner, my lamb; females bear and wither and age."

I had never, as I have never yet, seen anyone look less withered than she, as she took up her candles and stood, half-smiling, half-sighing, beside my bed. The mild yellow light gilded her tawny head—gilded even the grey in it; her Paisley shawl glowed plum-color, her broad ruddy cheeks shone to match; even her sighs were so big and whole-hearted, the candle was nearly blown out.

I left her next morning in such a blaze of sunshine as dazzled all our eyes. When the cart came to take me to the station, she stood waving from the gate—tall as a sunflower, headed like Ceres; a step behind my Aunts Grace and Rachel

backed her, big and comely and confident as herself.

A sudden school-book memory darted into my mind: I thought they looked like the Three in Horatius who kept the bridge.

My new Aunt Fanny hovered in their rear, and also waved to me, rather timidly.

As I waited on the platform at Exeter—I was always deposited there half-an-hour early—a train came in from Plymouth. Quite a number of passengers emerged, among them a young man whose black-thatched head so easily overtopped all others that my eye naturally followed it. Followed it, and was fixed: fascinated, half-incredulous, at the same time wholly certain, I stared and stared.

There was no mistaking him, he was a Sylvester all over. He



was my Aunt Charlotte's son Charles.

If I had been quicker, or bolder, I could have spoken to him. I could have been the first to greet him!

But he was off while I hesitated, lounging rapidly down the platform—his stride was so long, he moved fast, but at the same time so peculiarly loose

and easy, he still seemed to lounge—with never a glance left or right. (As though he returned from Australia every day—and that too was a Sylvester all over.)

(from page 47)

Just too late, I started to run after him; he was already past the barrier, and gone.

No one at the farm ever wrote to me in London. I had tried hard, before I left, to make my Aunt Charlotte promise to send me a letter about the wedding, but she would say only that she might if she had time, so I knew that she would not. Nor would my Aunts Grace and Rachel promise either—pointing out that I'd hear all about it next year; and though this was no more than their usual lavish handling of time, for once I found it irritating.

Even Fanny Davis' oath to write immediately and at length could not entirely console me: I feared, or rather confidently expected, that she would be too much bemused by bliss to remember details.

In fact no one wrote to me. Evidently Fanny was too much bemused to remember anything. The usual winter silence dropped like a curtain of fog between the life that I loved and the life that I led.

To remember all London winters as fog-bound is doubtless as untruthful as to remember all Devon summers as radiant. At the same time, the coal-burning London of my childhood was undoubtedly foggier than the London of today: the legend of the pea-souper, like all legends, has roots in fact.

Once or twice each winter fog gathered, thickened, solidified into an element: omnibuses lost their way, horses stood pawing in the streets, clerks walking home from the City clubbed to hire link-boys; indoors, life was gas-lit and stuffily cold.

We did not, as I say, experience more than one or two such fogs in a winter; but even the intervals between them appear (to my recollection) uniformly dark.

This was possibly due to the arrangement of our house. Its front faced south, its back

north: we children lived at the back. Our day-nursery or schoolroom looked out across no more than a few yards at the back of the terrace paralleling our row: half-out of the window one still saw nothing but brick.

Moreover, to say "we children" is inaccurate: both my brothers were at boarding-school, and I, once returned from my inferior day-establishment, did my homework and employed my leisure alone. (One reason I enjoyed Cook's novelettes was that their heroines were so often, like myself, lonely—at any rate, to begin with. They finished as duchesses or opera singers, with villas in sunny Italy—which was encouraging.)

Only on Sundays did I take any meal with my parents; I do not count breakfast, which I took with my father (my mother always breakfasted in bed), because he never spoke to me at it. He read the paper; I had to kiss him over its top, aiming vaguely at his forehead, as I left for school.

On Sundays we all ate roast beef and Yorkshire pudding at the big dining-room table, when I was questioned briefly yet scarchingly on my week's school-work. If our dining-room chairs still exist, one has scuffed legs.

They were, naturally, mahogany. All the furnishings were excellent, which was another reason why our house was so dark. What was good at that period was dark. Dark mahogany, dark oak, dark wallpapers, dark velvet curtains, even the most violent aniline dyes—purple and magenta and spinach-green—soon darkened, in London, to a uniform prune color.

All our clothes were dark, too, so as not to show the dirt. It was a curious yet typical fact that what might have been my one touch of exoticism—the one garment my mother brought me home from Paris—

To page 55

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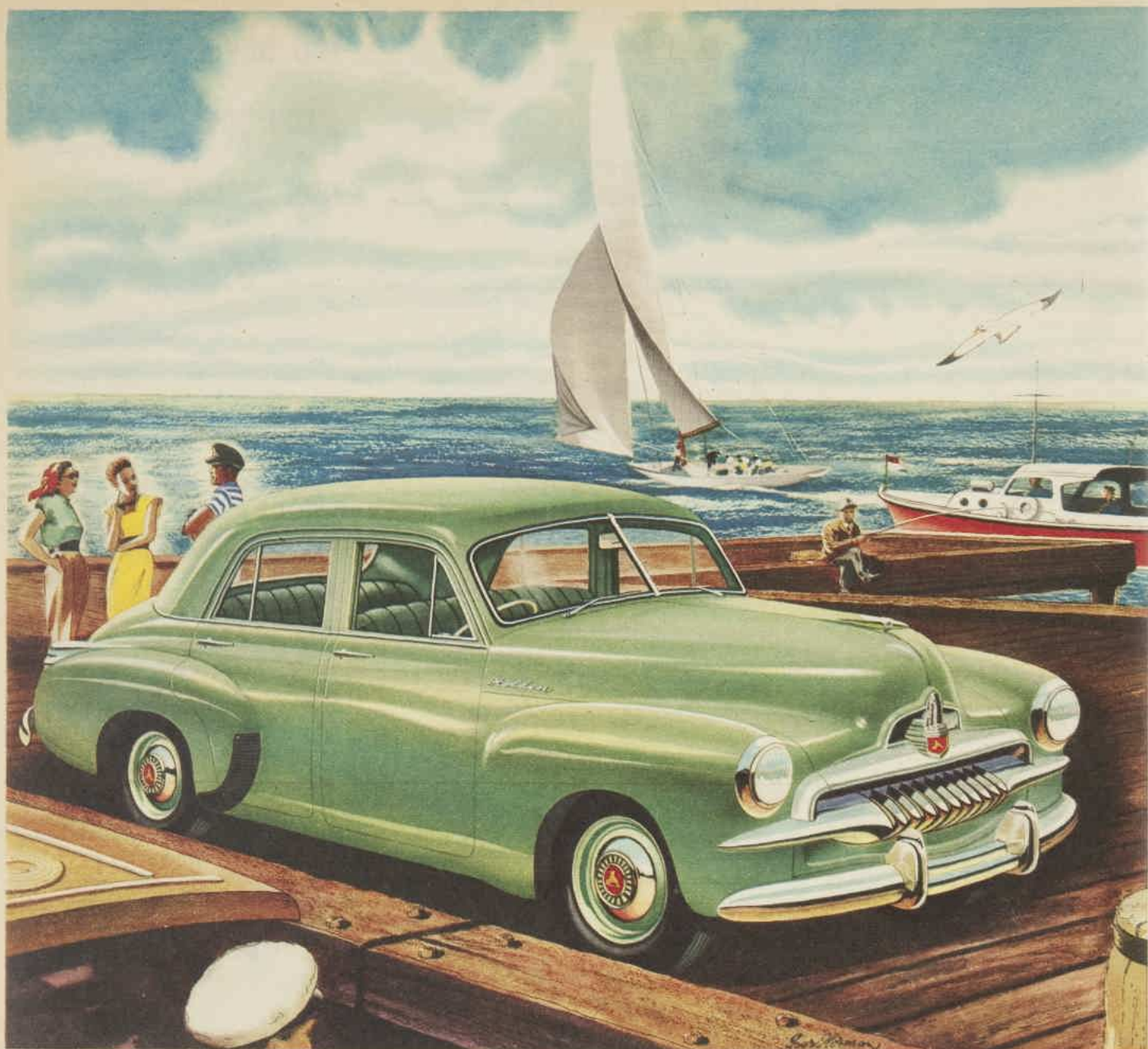


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**FISHAPHOS**

## Continuing . . The Gipsy in the Parlor

from page 53

was a black schoolchild's blouse. I wore it to do my homework.

The winter passed. I had nothing to complain of. I wasn't actively unhappy at school. I was rather a clever child. I never knew the misery of a bad report. Also I had a friend. Her name was Marguerite, her father was an important banker, so I was allowed to bring her home to tea on Saturdays.

I didn't like her much, but she was my friend.

On my other half-holiday, Wednesday, I was walked in Kensington Gardens by a cook. I necessarily employ the indefinite article because my mother changed them, or they changed her, so constantly. Most little girls walked with a governess or parlourmaid: I went to school, and our own Tootie was so experienced and well trained my mother wouldn't risk losing her by even suggesting a duty she would certainly have refused.

Cooks were another matter: cooks simply couldn't be kept at all. (Fortunately for myself they all took in novelettes. I got on with them all.)

Our regular promenade was the Broad Walk, the grass being neatly always considered too damp for my boots: cooks also liked the Broad Walk because it led incessantly towards Kensington, with its High Street and its drapers, and also, I fear, its public houses.

A cook abandoning me, as sometimes happened, to go and "look at the shops," more often than not returned smelling strongly of trifle. I naturally never mentioned this. Children and servants have to connive, and I was always glad of the opportunity to run on grass.

Some cooks looked at my boots, some didn't. Some brought me back peppermints, accepting one themselves. I grew, in time, as expert on cooks as other children on guinea-pigs: a cook-fancier.

I had nothing to complain of, but I dreamed of the farm almost every night.

I also once dreamed of my cousin Charles.

I dreamed that one evening, when my parents were dining out, I drifted alone into the empty drawing-room. It was about eight o'clock: I had had my supper. I didn't go to bed till half-past. So I wandered into the drawing-room, and thence looked out through a window upon the street below.

A man stood looking up at me.

Or if not at me, our house. He stood just as Fanny Davis stood under the crab, motionless, most fixedly at gaze. I recognised him for Charles immediately. I put my hand on the ash to throw up the window and call out to him; once again I was too late. The glass was still between us as I called "Charles!" to him, as he moved, turned, and with his swift, lounging stride walked away.

I never dreamed of him again, much as I tried. I thought about him whenever I thought of the farm. But I was still too essentially a child to fit him into the shape one might have expected; I never imagined him the man of my choice adumbrated by Fanny Davis.

Charles was real, and a real suitor would have terrified me. I did most earnestly hope he would be there when I got back, but chiefly because I hoped he might take me fishing. I didn't think my Uncle Stephen would. I already foresaw matrimony, even with my beloved Fanny Davis, ranging him with his elder brothers as a silent, adult Sylvester.

I was rather remarkably well prepared for his taking no further notice of me; but I thought

that if Charles (so much nearer to me in age) was at all interested in fishing or birds' nests, he might make my next summer at the farm the best summer of all.

So the winter wore away. At Easter I coughed noticeably. I didn't cough enough to be sent to Devon. My brothers came home for the holiday and as usual ignored me. Their grander friends occasionally lunched with us.

I was permitted to invite Marguerite (her father so prominent a banker), and found a certain satisfaction in seeing her ignored too. (Prematurely: my elder brother, Frederick, eventually married her. It was she who left him in 1906 for a dubious Austrian count.)

Summer term received me willingly back to school; I got through it, did well in my examinations, and began to cough again. Actually I needn't have bothered: it was thoroughly accepted, it was found an admirable trouble-saving arrangement that I should spend my summers at the farm.

I NOW travelled alone. I was twelve and had made the journey so many times before. By the time I reached Exeter my ankles ached through pushing the floor with my feet to make the train go faster; whenever a London-bound train rattled past I quivered with apprehension lest my Cousin Charles should be among its passengers.

But I arrived, at last I arrived—and there, at the gate, stood my Aunt Charlotte.

She had thrown over her head a light scarf or shawl, which made her look a little different; but her big welcoming hug winded me just as usual.

I gasped, half smothered, on her bosom—hay and lavender, her and lavender!—kissed her, came up for air, and instantly asked if Charles was still there.

She laughed. "What a memory! 'ee do have! No, my lamb, Charlie b'aint here. He bided no more than two-three weeks."

I felt my heart drop. I was so chagrined, and I knew, so unreasonably, that to cover my disappointment I said the first thing that came into my mind. I asked if Fanny had a baby.

My Aunt Charlotte hesitated. I looked at her in astonishment. It always and beautifully happened that the moment I reached the farm every London-inhibition dropped from tongue and spirit. In London, I still officially believed in gooseberry-bushes and never dreamed for a moment of admitting to better sense; at the farm, I interestedly worked out dates.

Now, to my enormous surprise, my Aunt Charlotte turned on me a look as disconcerted, as embarrassed, as would have been my mother's.

But at least she explained. Obviously she had to. For her explanation—which included another why Fanny Davis never wrote to me about her wedding—was simply that no wedding had taken place.

Fanny Davis and my Uncle Stephen weren't married. Fanny was still living at the farm and still as Stephen's betrothed, but the wedding hadn't taken place.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

## Infantile Eczema



### CASE HISTORY

LEFT: Medically attested photograph of B.B. (Hullar) on 1/9/52. Shaded section shows facial area of Infantile Eczema infection prior to F-99 treatment.

RIGHT: Medically attested photograph of B.B. on 8/2/53. Improvement 7 weeks after F-99 treatment, in 5 months face, head, etc., were clear, knees and elbows taking another 3 months.

### CASE HISTORY

LEFT: Medically attested photograph of Mr. J.B. (Zurich) taken on 16/9/48. Shaded sections diagnosed as Eczematous Furunculosis of 20 years' duration.

RIGHT: Medically attested photograph of Mr. J.B. taken on 11/2/49, after 30 weeks' F-99 treatment.

## Eczema



Medically attested photographs give undeniable proof of benefit!

# Skin Sufferers Overcome Fatty Acid Deficiency with NEW SWISS DISCOVERY!

## Leg Ulcers



### CASE HISTORY

TOP: Medically attested photograph of B.F.S. (New Malden, Eng.) taken on 29/12/50. Shaded sections show area of Leg Ulcer, 3 1/2 x 2 1/2", unhealed since 1910.

BOTTOM: Medically attested photograph of B.F.S. taken on 28/2/51 after 14 weeks' treatment with F-99 Capsules and Ointment.

No matter what else has failed—F-99 can help you!

If you are a skin-sufferer, study carefully these medically-attested photographs, case histories and personally-written testimonials from F-99 users. They offer undeniable proof that F-99 can help you—no matter what else you have tried, no matter what else has failed. See your chemist today!

## ECZEMAS (Including Infantile Eczema) LEG ULCERS PSORIASIS BOILS

Clear up with unique, specific Two-Way Treatment

Here is a scientific development of great importance to sufferers of such skin disorders as Eczema, including Infantile Eczema, Leg Ulcers, Psoriasis and Boils. It is a new Swiss discovery which reduces the system's unsaturated fatty acid deficiency—the main cause of many diseases of the skin. Science has established that this deficiency is the result of our nutrition, modern food being often completely lacking in these vital substances.

After 10 years' research, a Swiss research chemist succeeded in extracting from specially selected vegetable oils, unsaturated fatty acids of a previous unattained purity. This new treatment, called F-99, is so readily digested by the stomach and absorbed into the bloodstream that it has a decisive biological activity in the treatment of skin diseases.

### TWO-WAY TREATMENT.

ONE, F-99 Internal Capsules reduce the body's fatty acid deficiency, the cause of most skin disorders. TWO, External Ointment treats the external symptoms, promotes wound-healing and the growth of new skin tissue.

## SCIENCE DISCOVERS FATTY ACIDS ESSENTIAL TO SKIN HEALTH!

Research workers now state that the lack of unsaturated fatty acids in nutrition reduces the natural resistance of the body and leads to skin disease. As these vital substances—so essential to skin health—are often completely lacking in modern food, skin disease throughout the world is now rapidly increasing! It is therefore of great importance that a simple, safe treatment, which deals for the first time with the main cause of skin disorders, is now available at your local chemist. See him today about this unique, specific Two-Way Treatment.

## THESE SKIN SUFFERERS SAY—

### LEG ULCERS

"I have had leg ulcers for 17 years. Tried all treatments, advised to starve. F-99! First night had good rest. Two ulcers now all healed up in 5 months." Mrs. E.W.

### BOILS

"Suffered past 3 years with boils, tried all remedies without success. After 3 weeks with F-99 two-way treatment now completely healed." Mr. R.B.

### ECZEMA

"My Eczema is all gone—you can't imagine how great I feel, thanks to F-99!" Mrs. O.P.

### INFANTILE ECZEMA

"My 3 months daughter had Eczema since she was 2 months—tried everything, but getting worse. Started F-99 eight weeks ago, now scarcely any Eczema left." Mrs. C.C.

### PSORIASIS

"My husband has had Psoriasis for 35 years. He is now completely rid of it, thanks to F-99!" Mrs. W.A.D.

### ECZEMA

"After 17 years' suffering, took F-99 capsules and ointment for 60 days. Am at last clear—not a blemish or mark on entire body." Mr. J.P.B.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST TODAY FOR

# F-99

TWO-WAY TREATMENT FOR SKIN DISEASES



## FREE BOOK

by discoverer of F-99

An English translation of the Swiss Discoverer's booklet about F-99, illustrated by actual photographs, tells all about the remarkable results obtained from its use in relieving long-standing skin complaints.

Ask your chemist for a copy, or write to—  
Springwood Pharmaceuticals  
364W Lonsdale St., Melb., C.1





# Unusual

This delicious new recipe won £150 First Prize in Section 2 of Kraft's nation-wide Cheese Recipe Competition



£150 FIRST PRIZE (SECTION 2)



## "PUFFED CHEESE FISH"

"It will win compliments for you — every time you serve it!" says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

"Mrs. Bell of Mentone, Victoria, showed real originality with this tasty dish. It's so nourishing and easy to make."

4 fillets of fish; ½ teaspoon salt; ½ cup cooking oil; ½ cup Kraft Mayonnaise; 1 cup grated Kraft Cheddar; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; 1 tablespoon chopped gherkins; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon lemon juice; 1 egg white; lemon wedges.

Wash and dry fish, sprinkle with salt and lightly brown in hot oil. Drain and place on a greased baking tray. Mix Mayonnaise with grated Cheddar, stir in parsley, finely chopped gherkins, salt, lemon juice and stiffly beaten egg white. Pile cheese mixture over fish fillets and bake in a moderate oven 12 minutes, when coating will be puffed and browned. Serve with lemon wedges.

Remember, Kraft Cheddar is richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein! Also, Kraft Cheddar gives you food values you won't find in meat . . . the essential Vitamins

A, B<sub>2</sub> and D, plus calories and those valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates. It takes a gallon of milk to make a pound of Kraft Cheddar — what a bargain in nutrition!

TRY THIS OTHER PRIZE-WINNING RECIPE FROM SECTION 2 OF THE KRAFT RECIPE CONTEST . . .

### KRAFT LETTUCE ROLLS

Ingredients — all measurements level.  
8 oz. Kraft Cheddar; 4 dessertspoons Kraft Mayonnaise; ½ cup walnuts, finely chopped; ½ cup grated carrot; 1 tablespoon of chives or grated onion; ½ teaspoon salt; fresh lettuce leaves.

Place Kraft Cheddar and Mayonnaise in mixing bowl and mash with a fork until smooth. Add finely chopped walnuts, grated carrot, finely chopped chives or grated onion and salt, mix well. Now spread lettuce leaves with this mixture ¾" thick and roll up, place in refrigerator, leave till set — about 4 hours. When required for use, cut in lengths about ¾" crosswise and place on savoury tray.



# 5

good reasons why  
**KRAFT CHEDDAR**  
is best cheese value . . .

1. No rind — no waste
2. Flavour never varies
3. Slices easily — never crumbles
4. Stays fresh
5. Pasteurised for purity

**KRAFT CHEDDAR** PROCESSED AND PASTEURISED FOR PURITY

Obtainable in 8 oz. packets or from the economical 5 lb. loaf.



# Flans... Sweet and Savory

by  
our food and  
Cookery Experts

Flans, or pastry cases made with deep, straight sides and with sweet or savory fillings, are a satisfying dish for luncheon or dinner.

**I**N making flans it is best to use a special flan ring. This has a separate base that supports the pastry case as it is pushed up and out of the ring forming the sides.

Thus the flan can be removed easily from the tin after it is cooked and filled.

If a flan ring is not available, a sandwich-tin is a good substitute, but the flan must be removed from the tin before the filling is added.

To preserve the shape of the pastry-case while cooking, place in the pastry-lined tin a large circle of strong greaseproof paper, slit round the edge at 1 in. intervals to a depth of 1 in. to 2 in.

Then half-fill the tin with dried peas or beans to weigh down the paper and prevent the pastry rising in the centre or falling down from the sides.

The paper and dried beans or peas should be removed from the flan five to eight minutes before it is finally cooked.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

## GLAZED FRUIT FLAN

One 8 in. flan-case, cooked and cooled,  $\frac{1}{2}$  packet dissolved lemon jelly, 1 cup grapes (lightly stewed in sugar syrup), tinned or home-cooked apricots, peaches, and pears, passionfruit pulp, cherries (tinned, or home-cooked), ice-cream.

Set a thin layer of jelly in base of pastry-case. When quite firm arrange fruits on top in five separate groups so that flavors are kept distinct and separate. Spoon balance of jelly lightly over fruit to give a glazed appearance, chill until set. Top pears with passionfruit pulp. Serve cold with ice-cream.

## DELICIOUS FRUIT FLAN

One 8 in. flan-case, cooked and cooled, apricot jam,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups dry stewed apple pulp,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, good  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup stale cake crumbs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

## HEAVENLY FRUIT FLAN

One 8 in. flan-case, cooked and cooled, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 small tin (or about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups)

Spread base and sides of tart with apricot jam. Fill with apple pulp. Mix milk, butter, and sugar with beaten egg-yolks, add cake crumbs and stir over heat until simmering but not boiling. Fold in vanilla, allow to cool slightly before pouring over apple. Allow to become quite cold. Top with meringue made by beating egg-whites stiffly with extra sugar. Return to very moderate oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Chill before serving.

loganberries, raspberries, or any other berry fruits well drained of syrup,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint cream.

Heat milk and sugar, pour on to beaten egg-yolk. Cook without allowing to boil until mixture coats a silver spoon. Allow to become cold. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to cold custard mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, lemon rind, and vanilla, pour into flan-case and allow to set. When quite firm, top with fruit. Just before serving spread whipped cream lightly over top.

## EGG AND ASPARAGUS FLAN

One 8 in. flan-case, made with cheese pastry,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups medium thickness white sauce, 1 small tin asparagus cuts, salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard,

2 hard-boiled eggs, 2oz. chopped ham (optional), parsley.

Drain liquor from asparagus and reserve for sauce or soup. Fold asparagus cuts into sauce, flavor with salt, cayenne pepper, and mustard. Add chopped hard-boiled eggs and ham if used. Fill into flan-case. Reheat in oven and serve hot garnished with parsley.

## CREAMED SALMON FLAN

One 8 in. flan-case, cooked and cooled,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups medium thickness white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 tin salmon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cooked peas.

Combine sauce, lemon juice, salt, cayenne pepper, drained, flaked salmon, and cooked peas. Fill into

**GLAZED FRUIT FLAN**, illustrated above, has a filling of assorted fruits, including apricots, peaches, pears, grapes, and cherries. If preferred, use only one variety of fruit.

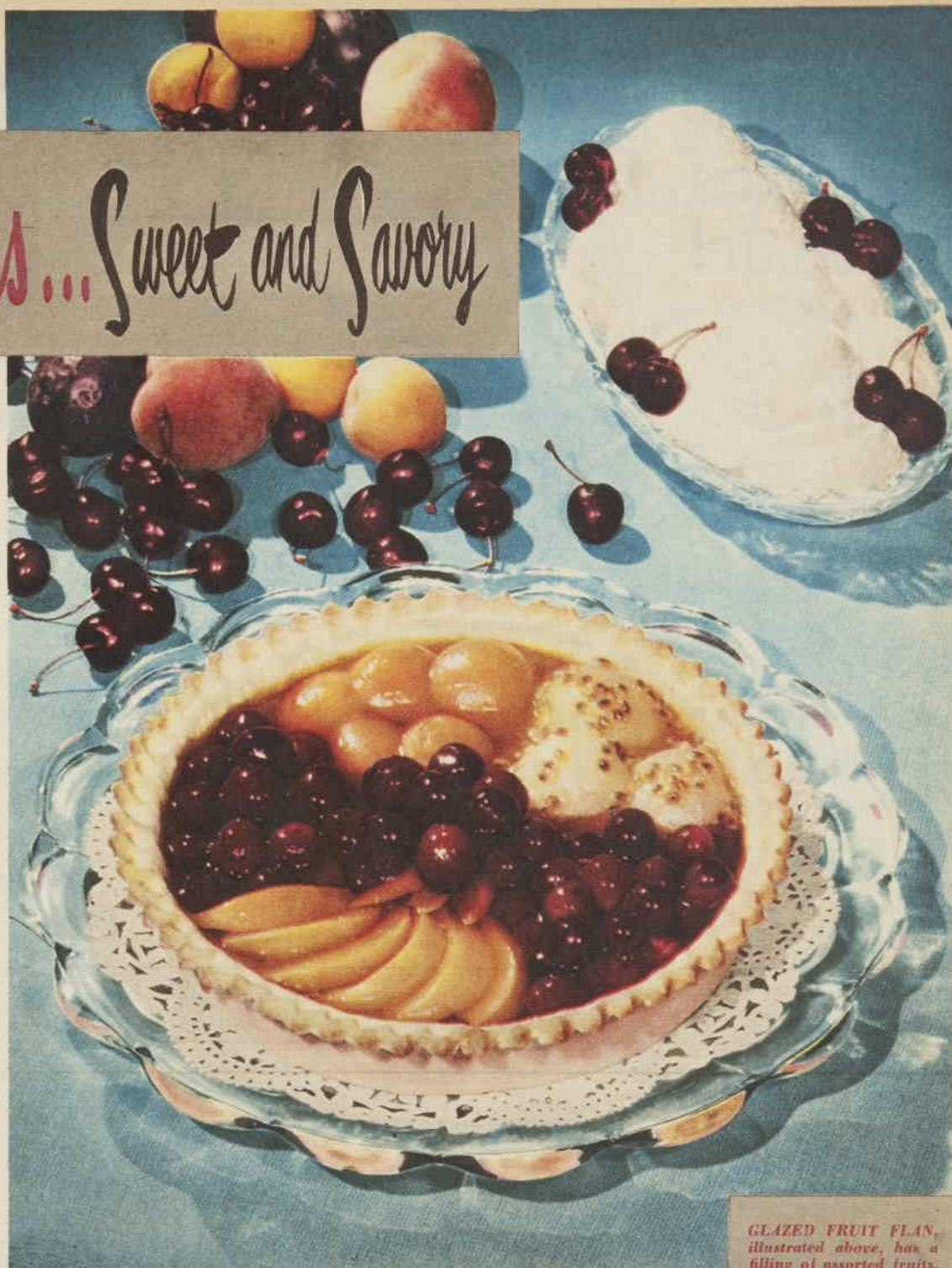
flan-case, reheat in moderate oven. Serve piping hot.

## BISCUIT PASTRY

(For sweet flans.)

Six ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. good shortening,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  dessertspoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in shortening until mixture is very fine; stir in sugar. Mix to a very dry dough with egg-yolk. Turn on to lightly floured board, roll thinly and line flan-tin or sandwich-tin. Cook as directed above.







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Natural feeding is the birthright of every baby, but when breast milk fails or becomes inadequate, mothers can't do better than turn to Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen as safe, pure foods for baby—this is acknowledged by mothers, doctors and nurses all over the world. Babies thrive on these two fine foods because they contain the normal Vitamins of baby's natural food and are fortified with extra Vitamins A and D to prevent infection and to promote sound, healthy growth, plus organic iron to protect against anaemia. Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen are balanced, easily digested foods... perfectly safe... perfectly pure—they're Nestlé's Products.

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MOCK CHICKEN LOAF served with a rich cheese sauce is both appetising and nourishing. The prizewinning recipe for the loaf is given below.

## PRIZE RECIPES

A rich velvety cheese sauce tops the mock chicken loaf which wins first prize in our popular readers' recipe contest this week.

**ALTHOUGH** the meat loaf is meant to be served hot with vegetables, it is good sliced and served cold with salad greens.

Consolation prizewinners this week are potato mince pie and butterscotch peanut pie—a luscious and tempting sweet for those special occasions.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### MOCK CHICKEN LOAF

Three-quarters cup milk, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, pinch nutmeg, pinch powdered sage, 1 tablespoon finely diced shallot or onion, 2 eggs, 1 cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 cups cooked minced rabbit, browned breadcrumbs.

**Topping:** Two oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon butter, pinch dry mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon milk, pinch cayenne pepper.

Heat milk, pour over breadcrumbs. Add seasonings, allow to stand 1/2 hour. Fold in beaten eggs, celery, parsley, and rabbit. Place in greased crumbed loaf-pan and bake in moderate oven 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours. Prepare topping. Place all ingredients in small saucepan and stir over low heat until well mixed. Spread cheese mixture over top and brown under hot grill 2 or 3 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. McKay, 78 Warwick Road, Ipswich, Qld.

### POTATO MINCE PIE

One tomato, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 lb. sausage mince, 1 onion, little tomato sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, 3 or 4 potatoes (cooked), a little milk.

Slice tomato and egg, arrange in ovenware dish. Combine meat, onion, sauce, salt and pepper, fill into dish. Mash potatoes with flour, add sufficient milk to make a stiff dough. Cover meat layer with dough and bake in a moderate oven 40 minutes. If liked, a little mixed herbs

and left-over vegetables may be added to meat, according to taste.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. Newton, Flat 3, 62 York Street, St. Kilda, S2, Vic.

### BUTTERSCOTCH PEANUT PIE

Two eggs, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 cup warm milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1/2 cup cold water, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 cup crushed peanut brittle, 1 cup whipped cream, 1 cooked shortcrust pastry case.

Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes. Beat egg-yolks until light and fluffy, add brown sugar. Gradually add milk, then butter. Stir over boiling water until mixture becomes thick. Allow to cool slightly. Carefully stir in softened gelatine until thoroughly dissolved. Add vanilla and allow to cool and set slightly. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with sugar. Fold meringue and peanut brittle into gelatine mixture, then fold in lightly whipped cream. Pour into pastry case and allow to set.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Mackay, 50 Edwards Street, South Brighton, S.A.

### Kitchen hints

● For breakfast or for supper savories, try slices of fried stale bread topped with a mixture of 1/2 to 1 cup flaked cooked, or tinned, fish, 2 teaspoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon chutney, 1/2 teaspoon mustard, few drops Worcestershire sauce, and pinch salt. Heat under grill before serving.

● An easily made topping for a plain cake: Mix 2 tablespoons apricot jam with 1 cup coconut. Spread over top of cake before baking. When cooked it needs no icing.

● Creamed chicken, rabbit, fish, hard-boiled eggs, and asparagus are all improved by the addition of grated onion. Gauge quantity by tasting as you go. If onions are not available, try 1 or 2 shallots sliced thinly (green stem too); the flavor is slightly different and very good.

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The Quickest & Easiest Polish for Floors & Furniture

For dark woods ask for FISHER'S DARK STAIN (WAXTANE)

TRY IT NOW — IN THE NEW HANDY SIZE



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# INDIGESTION

A SINGLE DOSE of De Witt's Antacid Powder has this three-way effect: Rapidly neutralises excess acid in the stomach. Promptly and effectively disperses digestive pain and discomfort. Prolongs relief by spreading a protective coating over the delicate lining of the stomach.

The proved effectiveness of De Witt's well-balanced formula (printed on every canister) is the reason why countless thousands of homes are never without this dependable family medicine. So keep a canister handy in your home, ready for immediate use. It benefits children as well as adults and is thoroughly trustworthy. Price 3/- and giant size (2 1/2 times the quantity) 6/6

Away from home—carry a few De Witt's ANTACID TABLETS. No water needed. Pleasant flavour. Easy tear-off strips. Price 1/6 & 2/9 (2 1/2 times the quantity)

# De Witt's ANTACID POWDER & TABLETS

# SKIN ITCH STOPS IN 7 MINUTES

Don't let ugly, disgusting Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixaderm from your chemist, let us-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.

Sold for a Farthing By Clare Kipps

Foreword by Julian Huxley. This unusual book is the charming life story of a sparrow in wartime London. The author found the fledgling on her doorstep when she came home one night from Warden duty; he lived twelve years, and fascinating photographs of incidents in his life illustrate the book.

Price 6/3 From all Booksellers

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 17, 1954



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 17, 1954

Page 59



**NOW**

# THE ONLY BREAKFAST CEREAL ENRICHED WITH

# Glucose

"Life's Vital Force"

These delicious flakes are an essential vitality food, bringing you Glucose—the source of all your energy.



**BRIGHT  
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luscious flavour**

**TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!** Never before has wheat tasted so good! Glucose makes every flake more delicious.

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**FEEL THE DIFFERENCE!** Made from the outer layers of the wheat grain which are rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Phosphorus, Nicotin and Iron—these new improved Kellogg's Bran Flakes are more nourishing, too! Mildly laxative—ideal for children and elderly folk.

## New Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES

BF53-1



*Exquisite sheets,  
pillowcases and towels by  
**Horrockses**  
the Greatest Name in Cotton*

Makers of the world famous "GAYFAYRE". Ideal for dresses, blouses, pyjamas, sportswear, etc.

### Pattern for Beginners

F3112.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make dressing-gown. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1½ yds. 54in. material. Special price, 2/6.



## Fashion PATTERNS

F3114.—Chic slim-line slacks and contrasting waist-length jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust for jacket and 24, 26, 28, and 30in. waist for slacks. Requires: Jacket, 2½ yds. 36in. striped jersey; slacks, 1½ yds. 54in. wool. Price complete, 4/6.

F3115.—Slender-line one-piece dress with white contrast on collar and cuffs. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F3116.—Glamor bouffant evening-gown with rich trim on the wide skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 12 yds. 36in. material for dress and 7 yds. 36in. material for slip. Price, 4/6.

F3117.—Daytime dress featuring a moulded bodice-top and peg-top skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 54in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

**FASHION PATTERNS** and **Needlework Notions** may be obtained from **Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd.**, 445 Victoria Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4868, G.P.O. Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F3113



F3115



F3114



F3116



F3117



**NOTE:** Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**No. 629.—LONG TROUSER OVERALLS**  
The overalls suitable for a small girl or boy are obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is cotton twill tartan; the design choice includes Victoria, Prince Charles, Buchanan, Royal Stewart, Anderson, and Cameron. Size 29in. for 2 years, 15/6; size 31in. for 3 years, 16/9. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Size 33in. for 4 years, 17/11; size 37in. for 5-6 years, 19/3. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

**No. 630.—GOOD MORNING SET**

The set includes tea-cosy, traycloth, and matching serviette obtainable clearly traced to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen or on sheer Irish linen in white, blue, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11in. by 17in., tea-cosy 12in. by 10in., serviette 11in. by 11in. Price complete, 12/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

**No. 631.—CUSHION COVER**

The cushion cover is clearly traced ready to embroider with a conventional circular design. The material is headcloth; the color choice includes white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size, 18in. by 18in. Price, 7/3. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

**No. 632.—SCANTIES**

The tailored scanties are obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow directions. The material is good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale pink, and pale blue. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. Price, 21/3. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

**No. 633.—SLIP**

The flattering form-fitting slip is obtainable cut out ready to make with full instructions for making. The material is a good quality crepe-de-chine; the color choice includes white, pale blue, and pale pink. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Price, 27/3. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

629

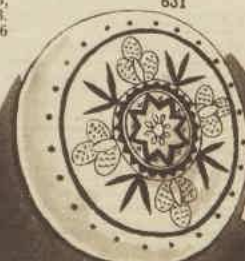


633



632

631



630



## Miss Precious Minutes

A SLICE of raw potato will remove most vegetable stains from the fingers. Ingrained stains can be removed by rubbing equal quantities of lemon juice and sugar well into the hands.

RAW meat should never be allowed to lie in its own juice. Place on a wire trivet or prop up with a spoon to allow the air to circulate round the meat.

BEFORE washing a brush with a polished wood back, rub petroleum jelly well into the wood to prevent the polish cracking.

ALUMINIUM saucepans will not discolor when eggs are boiled in them if a few drops of vinegar are added to the water.

KEEP milk away from sunlight to prevent deterioration of its vitamins.

### EGG - WHITES

left over when cooking can be used to garnish meats and salads. Place the whites in a greased basin, stand in water, and cook until set and firm. When cold, turn out and cut into fancy shapes.

SPRINKLE the top of boiled starch with water as soon as it is made or else cover with a tight-fitting lid until cold. Either treatment prevents a thick film forming on the top.



PLASTIC FOOD-COVERS are useful when watering indoor plants. Slip a cover over the base of the pot-plant and there will be no water spots.

TO prevent silverware from tarnishing place a small piece of alum in the drawer or cupboard.

TO mend woollen gloves, push a thimble to the top of the finger and darn over that.

## PARIS SPORTS BLOUSE

Continued from page 24

rep. from \* to \* till 8 rem., 8 b.

16th Row: 18 b., \* 10 bl., 11 b., \* rep. from \* to \* ending with 9 b.

17th Row: 9 b., \* 11 bl., 10 b., \* rep. from \* to \* till 7 rem., 7 b.

18th Row: 12 b., \* 2 bl., 2 b., 12 bl., 5 b., \* rep. from \* to \* till 4 rem., 4 b.

19th Row: 9 b., \* 16 bl., 5 b., \* rep. from \* to \* till 7 rem., 7 b.

20th Row: 13 b., \* 16 bl., 3 b., \* rep. from \* to \* till 3 rem., 3 b.

21st Row: 20 b., \* 3 bl., 18 b., \* rep. from \* to \* ending with 14 b.

22nd Row: 15 b., \* 1 bl., 20 b., \* rep. from \* to \* till 1 rem., 1 b.

23rd Row: 17 b., \* 7 bl., 14 b., \* rep. from \* to \* ending with 13 b.

24th Row: 14 b., \* 1 bl., 1 b., 1 bl., 3 b., 1 bl., 5 b., 1 bl., 1 b., 6 b., \* rep. from \* to \* till 2 rem., 2 b.

25th Row: 9 b., \* 1 bl., 6 b., 1 bl., 3 b., 1 bl., 2 b., 1 bl., 5 b., \* rep. from \* to \* till 7 rem., 7 b.

26th Row: 15 b., \* 1 bl., 1 bl., 1 bl., 2 b., 1 bl., 5 b., 1 bl., 1 bl., 7 b., \* rep. from \* to \* till 1 rem., 1 b.

27th Row: 15 b., \* 1 bl., 1 b., 1 bl., 2 b., 1 bl., 1 bl., 13 b., \* rep. from \* to \* till 1 rem., 1 b.

28th Row: All beige.

29th Row: All beige, dec. as follows: K 8, \* k 2 tog., k 4, \* rep. from \* to \* till 14 rem., k 2 tog., k 12 (296 sts.).

30th Row: \* 1 bl., 1 g., \* rep. from \* to \* to end.

31st Row: \* 1 r., 1 g., \* rep. from \* to \* to end.

32nd Row: \* 1 r., 1 b., \* rep. from \* to \* to end.

33rd Row: \* 1 bl., 1 b., \* rep. from \* to \* to end.

34th Row: \* 1 bl., 1 g., \* rep. from \* to \* to end.

35th Row: \* 1 m., 1 g., \* rep. from \* to \* to end.

36th Row: All beige.

37th Row: All b., dec. as follows: K 8, \* k 2 tog., k 2, \* rep. from \* to \* till 12 rem., k 2 tog., k 10 (226 sts.).

38th Row: As 35th row.

39th Row: As 34th row.

40th Row: As 33rd row.

41st Row: As 32nd row.

42nd Row: As 31st row.

43rd Row: As 30th row.

44th Row: Beige.

45th Row: All b., dec. as follows: K 8, \* k 2 tog., k 2, \* rep. from \* to \* till 14 rem., k 2 tog., k 12 (174 sts.).

46th Row: As 30th row.

47th Row: As 31st row.

48th Row: As 32nd row.

49th Row: As 33rd row.

## Mothers' Guide

THE fourth revised and enlarged edition of the parentcraft book "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., our Mothercraft nurse, is now on sale.

Simply written and clearly illustrated, the book gives practical guidance to mothers on the personal care required during the pre-natal and post-natal periods.

The preparation of the home for the coming baby and early care and training of the child are discussed. Helpful advice for the physical well-being and mental health of baby during the fast development stages of infancy is also given.

Diet charts, valuable recipes, and nursery hints are included, and there is a chapter on the treatment of most of the common ailments and infectious fevers of childhood.

The book is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from bookshops in all capital cities. Price 12/6, postage 9d. For registered mail postage is 1/6.

Note: Name and address should be clearly printed in block letters.

### TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. with damp cloth and warm iron. Fold hem of 6 sts. down each side of front and stitch in position, leaving 4 sts. for underlap on left front. Sew sleeve and side seams, also underarm seams.

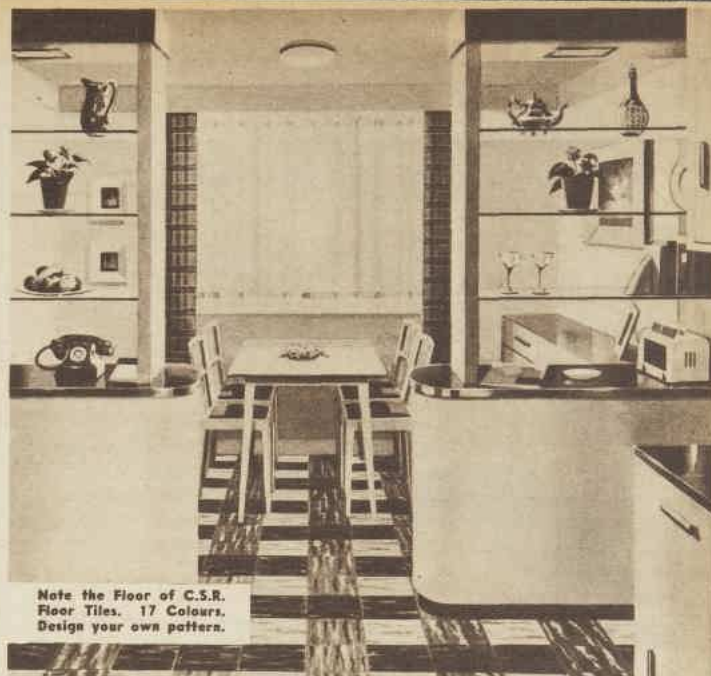
Fold cast-off edge of collar inside out, back to 53rd row of patt. Oversew ends of neckband and turn ride side out. Sew cast-off edge to 53rd row on inside. Run thread around 53rd row to keep firm.

Crochet 1 row d.c. around lower edge of cardigan.

Crochet 9 loops of 5 ch. on right front edge equal distances apart for buttonholes, making sure there is one right at the top before neckband, also one at centre of waist. Sew buttons on left front (to match loops on right side) 5 sts. in from edge. Press all seams and hems.



AMERICAN VOGART transfer pattern No. 195 has dozens of original motifs for the kitchen. The transfer sheet is 24in x 28in., price 2/6. Orders should be sent to our Needlework Department. For address, see page 60.



Note the Floor of C.S.R. Floor Tiles. 17 Colours. Design your own pattern.

## How we got a dining room out of our kitchen using TIMBROCK

"The old house we bought had a long narrow kitchen but no separate dining room. Look how easily we got one — by sectioning off the end of the kitchen with this attractive arrangement of shelves and cupboards." The idea is easy for any handyman to carry out, using Timbrock.

Timbrock wallboard is natural wood made better. Splinterless and Grainless, a saw sails through it.

You can buy Timbrock in five time-saving and money-saving lengths . . . 5, 6, 7, 8

and 14 feet. Timbrock is 6 inches wider than other hardboards—4' 6".

Because it is both stronger and lighter Timbrock is better than anything else for all types of built-in furniture, flush doors, bookshelves, house interiors, display cases, counters and office fittings. (Note curved edge cupboards above.)

Where to buy? Right in your own suburb or town the leading hardware stores and timber merchants are selling Timbrock in all five lengths; 3/16 inch thick.

## Save money on your hobby using TIMBROCK "shorts"

Short lengths of Timbrock are available: 1', 2', 3' and 4' x 4' 6" wide. These are handy size board pieces for the hobby carpenter making toys, writing desks for children, bookshelves, chair seats, shoe box, bedside cabinets and occasional furniture. You can buy Timbrock Shorts at hardware stores and timber merchants everywhere. At money-saving prices.



Wardrobe



Cupboard



Writing Desk



Bedside Cabinet



**Timbrock**

...natural wood made better

Manufactured by THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.

Building Materials Division

Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth





# New! Angel Face by Pond's

Sensational new make-up . . .  
foundation and  
powder in one!



**New!** Not a cake  
make-up - goes on without  
water! Not drying!

Easier to apply! No water! No  
greasy finger-tips. Just smooth  
on Angel Face with its own soft  
puffet. You'll have a glamour-  
toned, mat finish, softer than  
cake make-up - and not drying!

**New!** Stays on longer  
than powder.

You've never known anything  
quite like Angel Face! A pressure-  
fused "cling" ingredient makes  
it go on evenly and stay on  
angelically!

**New!** Can't spill in  
your handbag.

Angel Face doesn't spill in your  
handbag, or "snow" over your  
clothes. Gives you a lovely fresh  
make-up, anytime and anywhere!

## Angel Face now comes in two Angel-sweet packs!

"Angel Face has always been divine for  
quick touch-ups, but now it's more of a joy  
than ever . . . such a handsome accessory  
to whisk out wherever I happen to be,"  
says **THE LADY MAUREEN COOPER**.

"Angel Face is the ideal make-up I've been  
waiting for! It gives a flattering color and  
finish to my skin, doesn't need water, isn't  
drying, and stays on! And Angel Face is  
made to order for handbag use - I carry  
mine constantly!" says

**MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT.**

5 Angel Face shades - with its own soft  
puff. At better beauty counters everywhere.



New - the slim  
ivory and gold case  
Perfect for your  
handbag!

Only 4/11  
(slightly more in country districts)

The economy blue  
and gold box.  
Lasts and lasts  
for months!

Only 9/6  
(slightly more in  
country districts)



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician,  
and  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian  
servant, with  
**PRINCESS NARDA:** Are  
seeking the White Queen of  
Taboo Land. Narda is cap-  
tured and taken to the  
temple, where the Queen

orders her death. Meanwhile  
Mandrake and Lothar rush  
to her rescue. Mandrake  
hypnotises the Queen and  
tells her to order the barbaric  
Mayan customs to cease be-  
fore she leaves Taboo Land  
with them to return to  
America. NOW READ ON:





# "TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX

Don't put a cold in  
your pocket — use



## IT BEATS THE BAND!

"MY HUSBAND WAS A  
BANDSMAN AND HE  
ALWAYS HAD A  
SUPPLY OF KLEENEX  
HANDY TO WIPE THE  
MOUTH OF HIS  
INSTRUMENT AFTER  
EACH BLOW."

£5 to  
Mrs. T. M. CAULFIELD,  
9 Wraith St., Brunswick, N.10,  
Victoria.

**IT'S IN THE BAG!** THE NEW  
PERSONAL PACK OF  
KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES THAT SELL  
FOR 1/- FOR REMOVING COSMETICS.  
FOR SNEEZES A BLESSING AT FLU TIME.  
ALSO ECONOMY SIZE KLEENEX 2/-.

FAMILY SIZE 3/-.



**ON THE SPOT!** APPLY SOOTHING  
LOTIONS TO ITCHY RASH  
OR SPOTS WITH SUPER  
SOFT KLEENEX TISSUES.  
HYGIENIC BECAUSE SO  
EASILY DISPOSABLE.

£5 to Mrs. B. SOLOMON,  
59 Flathead Rd., Booker Bay, Wey Wey, N.S.W.

## TONSILS TO TEETH

WHICHEVER YOU'RE HAVING  
OUT — REMEMBER KLEENEX  
SAVES HANKIES FROM  
RUIN AND MESSY  
WASHING. SO NICE TO  
HAVE SPOTLESS KLEENEX  
ALL OF THE TIME

£5 to Mrs. M. HOWARTH,  
Box 2, Bonnie Rd., Coora, N.S.W.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

# TEENA

by  
Lilla  
Teng



Hi, TEENA —  
WHERE Y  
GOIN'??

T'TH'  
LIBRARY.



I HAVE A LOT OF  
STUDYING TO DO IF I EXPECT  
TO GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS  
THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS  
MAN.



AFTER ALL, IN THESE TIMES,  
WITH THE TERRIFIC COMPETITION  
AND ALL, I FIGURE IT TAKES TWO  
BRAINS TO MAKE ONE FAMOUS  
PERSON, AND I'M GOING TO HAVE  
TO PREPARE MYSELF TO BE  
THE BRAIN BEHIND THE  
BRAIN.



BUT HOW DO  
YOU KNOW WHAT TO  
STUDY? MEDICINE?  
LAW? CHEMISTRY?  
SCIENCE? POLITICS?  
ENGINEERING?

I DON'T  
KNOW—



WHATEVER  
I FIND THAT  
LOOKS MOST  
USEFUL.



CASHIER  
BOOKS

STYLISH  
STYLE

RESEARCH

RESEARCH

# Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"JULIANNE." — Long-sleeved shirt-b blouse  
featuring the new American-style collar. The  
material is rayon crepe-de-chine, the color  
choice includes white, pastel pink, and pastel  
blue.



Julianne

Ready to wear: Sizes 32in.  
and 34in. bust, 28/6; 36in.  
and 38in. bust, 39/11.  
Postage and registration,  
1/9 extra.

Cut out only: Sizes 32in.  
and 34in. bust, 28/6; 36in.  
and 38in. bust, 29/3. Post-  
age and registration, 1/9  
extra.

"DANIELLE." — Tailored  
one-piece dress designed  
with a Peter Pan collar and  
soft skirt fullness. The  
material is a striped silk jer-  
sey obtainable in red-and-  
white, blue-and-white, navy-  
and-white, green-and-white,  
turquoise-and-white, brown-  
and-white, and mustard-and-  
white.



Danielle

Ready to wear: Sizes 32in.  
and 34in. bust, 57/9; 36in.  
and 38in. bust, 59/11. Post-  
age and registration, 2/6  
extra.

Cut out only: Sizes 32in. and  
34in. bust, 44/11; 36in. and  
38in. bust, 45/9. Postage  
and registration, 2/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color  
choice. No C.O.D. orders ac-  
cepted. If ordering by mail, send  
to address given on page 80.  
Fashion Frocks may be inspected  
or obtained at Fashion Patterns,  
646 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



WHY ARE  
'COLUMBINES'  
SO GOOD FOR US?

BECAUSE THEY'RE  
RICH IN GLUCOSE  
AND BUTTER!

Enjoy  
their  
goodness  
—often!



ANYTIME-enjoy  
COLUMBINES  
—with the true  
caramel flavour

# "COLUMBINE" CARMELS

Made by  
MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

# IF BACK ACHES TRY A KIDNEY HOUSECLEANING

Are you embarrassed by too frequent  
urination during the day and night?  
These symptoms, as well as Bladder  
Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles,  
Leg Pains, Nervousness, Diarrhoea,  
Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Ocular Under-  
Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused  
kidney and bladder troubles. The Dis-  
covey of Cystex, the new scientific  
medicine, goes right to work over-  
coming troubles in 3 ways: 1. Kills  
germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of  
poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and  
rejuvenates kidney and bladder.  
Get Cystex from chemist to-day under  
guaranteed satisfaction or money back.

# ASTHMA COUGHERS GIVE THANKS FOR LUCKY DISCOVERY

Thousands who coughed, sneezed,  
and gasped with Asthma and Bron-  
chitis give thanks for Mendoac, the  
famous new American scientific medi-  
cine. It starts immediately to cir-  
culate through the blood, quickly cur-  
bing the attack! The first day the  
thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free,  
easy breathing and letting you sleep  
the night through in comfort. Get  
Mendoac from your chemist or store  
to-day under money-back guarantee  
to stop Asthma coughing and give  
you free, easy breathing the first day.

Solve  
your  
3 major  
kitchen  
canister  
problems  
with



# Bristolite

## 1. STRENGTH

Bristolite kitchen-  
canisters are prac-  
tically unbreakable  
— the plastic is  
twice as thick, therefore  
twice as strong. Lids? Easy-  
lifting, yet snug-fitting—no  
brittle edges to snap.

## 2. IDENTIFICATION

Before Bristol-  
lite you'd find  
rice in the  
coffee canister  
and sugar  
under tea. But  
all Bristolite 'ware' has inter-  
changeable nametags. You  
organise the canisters—they  
don't disorganise you.

## 3. SHAPE

The Bristolite  
design com-  
bines beauty  
and common  
sense. Charac-  
terising on the shelf—easy-as-  
winking to clean. Colours?  
Cream with cherry, blue or  
green lids, or the one-shade  
"Pastellines" in primrose,  
blue and green.

## FREE NAMETAGS

Included in the set of Bristolite  
canisters you buy is a voucher  
which entitles you to obtain,  
without cost, one of the follow-  
ing nametags—Sago, Barley  
or Cereal. Colours available—  
red, green, blue or black on  
clear plastic only.







Jeldi Ripple Chenille in the new ruffled twist! BEDSPREAD—"Traditional" design No. 167, tailored in double or 2-bed sizes; also in throwover style, all sizes.

You couldn't call these  
darlings dear!

If you've a love for luxury, pamper it! Buy pretty gowns and beautiful bedspreads of Jeldi Chenille. Jeldi luxuries aren't extravagant. You'll be surprised how lightly these beauties are priced. You'll be delighted with the long,

lovely wear they'll give you, and the work they'll save you. (Jeldi Chenille washes so easily — *now* needs ironing!) Ask at your favourite store for bedspreads and gowns in Jeldi — the Chenille that actually grows lovelier with use!



Matching mother-daughter GOWNS, Nos. 638/639, all sizes from 2 years to OS.



Choose YOUR most flattering colour!



Actually grows lovelier with use

Jeldi Manufacturing Pty. Ltd. . . . the first to make Chenille in Australia

Production centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Mudgee and Lithgow